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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

MARCH 14, 1983

\$1.25



## Her Enduring Majesty

Queen Elizabeth II  
in North America



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CANADIAN WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

**Macleans**

MARCH 14, 1983 VOL. 54 NO. 11



**A portrait of misery**  
College graduates without jobs, women little better off than before, the family living apart—The 1981 census paints the scene in disturbing shades. —Page 39



**Autos for the future**  
Detroit is taking on the import market with a dazzling new breed of futuristic cars, complete with aerodynamic styling and electronic wizardry. —Page 44

## COVER

### Her Enduring Majesty

The storm-tossed sea, washed-out roads and hordes of demonstrators in California simply gave Queen Elizabeth II a chance to show the Americans some of the stuff that built the Empire. Her generally good-natured willingness to do her duty is a constant reminder of the durability—and, with Elizabeth, dependability—of the monarchy. —Page 28

COVER PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR MACLEANS

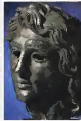


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**The turbulent pilgrimage**  
The Pope's mission to Central America begins peacefully. Then the trip sours in Nicaragua, and there were troubling developments in Guatemala as well. —Page 10



**Heroic treasure hunt**  
The Search for Alexander, currently at the Royal Ontario Museum, is a not entirely successful mix of nonsense and a real, designed to rival King Tut. —Page 43



## Willing victims

I am amazed at your article about David Cronenberg (A First Obsession: *Wish Saw and Death, Film, Feb. 14*) and your review of his movie *Videodrome*. I went to see it myself and I watched male women shrieked and whipped by men in leather masks. I saw the heroine burn her own breast with a lighted cigarette to get herself into the mood. And I watched the sadistic watch and mouse as the hero made love to the newly burned heroine, reamed a hatpin through her navel and linked off the blood—all to heighten her orgasm because, of course, she loved it. This is a brutal movie, with little plot and dreadful acting. And it is part of a growing trend in the mass media to treat women as willing victims of male sadism. We would never allow any other minority group to be represented this way in the media—why women? —NATHAN RABIN, Ottawa

## An offensive view of aging

As a longtime subscriber to *Musicon* I feel I must advise you that I was angered by your Jan. 27 cover (*Our Country (Chicago Cross)*). Why must you use the face of a woman to illustrate the old-age crowd? Don't men get old too? They do not all improve with age! Finally, I do not see the need for any of these statistics to be published in *Musicon* or any other magazine that comes into the home. Life can be depressing enough without rubbing our noses in the grimy facts.

—MARGO BUELL, Ottawa



Videodrome's Deborah Riley: why?

## Churches: political institutions

A hearty "Amen!" to Barbara Amiel's column *New Churches Go Astray* (Feb. 14). It is about time someone besides the flying fashionistas pointed out that Rome and the World Council of Churches are basically political institutions.

—NEV ROBERTS (Hudsonville, Farnsworth, N.S.)

This column is a new low in journalistic drive. It reveals an extreme bias and pretense to speak for God, Christians and the Catholic church—none of whom claims Amiel as a spokesperson.

—THOMAS J. CAMERON, Saint John

The Roman Catholic hierarchy and the leaders of the other churches can continue to do what they have been doing—trying to impact a little compassion into the political process and attempting to save us from a nuclear holocaust, with no help at all from Amiel.

—FRANK THOMPSON, Kitchener, Ont.

## Children are an investment

I was annoyed to read yet another negative article about parenting (*The New Parent Trap*, Behavior, Feb. 21). One reads very little about the thousands of women who choose full-time mothering and love it. Nor are we greeted with perfunctory, a worthless fraction. These years pass by too quickly to waste time complaining about so-called burnout. What annoys me the most about the article is that it epitomizes the self-centered attitude that permeates our society. Our children are our investment. They are worthy of our complete time and energy, no holds barred.

—CHRISTIE MCINTYRE, Toronto

## PASSAGES

DEED: Hungarian-born author Arthur Koestler, 77, and his third wife, Cynthia, 55, of overtones of a baritone, following a stroke last year, is now in London. A serious loss in 1951-1952 political literature. Koestler is best known for his 1940 novel, *Darkness at Noon*. A pungent chronicle of the worst excesses of totalitarianism, it shattered the illusions of many Soviet sympathizers in the West. He was vice-president of the British Voluntary Euthanasia Society (*formerly* *Right*) and was granted an honorary D.D. from Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., in 1968.

DEED: Olivier Chandon de Brulles, 71, heir to France's Most & Chandon champagne empire and a longtime occupant of top U.S. fashion model Christie Brinkley, of injuries sustained when his racing car crashed into a retaining wall during a test run at the Monaco Speedway in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla.

DEED: Winifred Atwell, 68, the "Queen of Piano," who became famous in postwar England and, through recordings, the world when she switched to just after a career as a concert pianist, of heart failure, in Sydney, Australia. The Trinidad-born performer was a large, cheerful woman whose personality was well suited to her playing. She retired in 1970 after suffering a stroke.

DEED: Florence Lucette Gould, 87, the San Francisco-born singer who gave up her career in 1923 to marry Frank Jay Gould, an heir to the fortune amassed by U.S. railway tycoon Jay Gould, and later became one of France's best-known patrons of the arts, at her villa on the Riviera. The Goulds moved to France after the Second World War, donated millions to French museums and assisted such authors as François Mauriac.

DEED: Actress Rachel Welch, 48, while vacationing with her third husband, André Weisberg, on the Caribbean island of Montserrat. Welch, who has two grown-up children by her first husband, James Welch, ended her successful six-month run in the hit Broadway musical *Women of the Year* last January, one month after she announced her pregnancy.

DEED: Georges Rodé (aka Rode), 70, the Belgian creator of the teenage neo-rock band *Tintin*, who, with his trusty dog, *Milou*, first made his appearance in 1959 and has since been featured in a weekly comic magazine (*Cinéma*, 1960) and 20 best-selling hard-cover translated into 32 languages, of complications from leukemia, in a Brussels hospital.

# Irish Mist goes after



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than today and never been impelled from the threat of domestic folly."

The peace movement is by no means united in its quest for a lasting peace. Some supporters favor an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank. Others prefer a Palestinian federation with Jordan. Still, Peace Now claims that it cannot propose any solution as long as it lacks a Palestinian partner in negotiations. While many Israelis feel that the Palestinian liberation Organization would be the logical partner, Peace Now members say that the PLO must first retract the clause in its charter

that advocates the destruction of the Jewish state.

For its part, Begin's Likud government across the peace movement of everything from survival to treason. The government is particularly alarmed about the support for Peace Now among Jews outside Israel, who for the first time differentiate between support for Israel and the ruling party. But the majority of the Disrupters Jewish organizations remain tensely pro-Israel. Arguing Editor Avneri: "The chaotic establishment is interfering in Israel's affairs by sending millions of dollars to

the Likud and to extremists and virtually nothing to the peace movement." While major Jewish organizations claim that the peace movement is encouraging anti-Semitism, Peace Now insists that public criticism is a sign of democracy and moral health. Sign Eliaz: "Dissent and protest are all that stand between us and a dark, brooding tragedy." In an attempt to attract more support from Diaspora Jews, Peace Now representatives launched North American speaking tours in November. In Canada the Canadian supporters of Peace Now have met in Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto and see their role as one of education rather than financial support.

Although the peace movement advocates action, it is the moral arguments that provide its dynamism and its soul. Recently, the perils have been bolstered by the support of groups of devout religious Jews—normally Begin supporters—who have begun to organize. Often under the spiritual guidance of eminent rabbis, groups of skull-capped young men are increasingly vocal in stressing that people are more important than land. As long as the Boga-



Timor: a dark, brooding tragedy

government perils in its current course, support for the peace movement is likely to continue. As the move time, the movement will continue to claim credit for underwriting the rigor of Israel's democracy. Says Jacob Timor, the exiled Argentine author now living in Israel: "I and Peace Now are championing the flesh on which the state of Israel was founded. I am going to fight for this country to be better."

—JACQUELINE SAKETS in Tel Aviv with Jane Wengay in Toronto



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## COLUMN

# The dangers of blind flirtation

By Barbara Amiel

A dinner with a distinguished media magnate in Toronto a couple of years ago came to a sticky conclusion when criticism of Progressive Conservative party leader Joe Clark—the magnate's political patron—led to the exit of the host, pulling his reluctant wife behind him. Recently, conversation at a home in the wealthy Toronto area of Rosedale came to a crashing halt when one of the guests decided to launch upon a libelous discussion of Roman Catholicism and social justice.

Modern table talk around today's crimes and glass may seem to enjoy a no-holds-barred approach, but the passions that made the Victorians declare certain topics to be unsuitable for digestion and the cure of ideas have not changed. To discuss or write about religion, as in a previous Modern's column that beseeched the flirtation of the modern church with Marxism, is to stir great passions—and letter-writing.

The middle that surfaced most vividly in reactions to the previous column was the inability of many laymen and clergy to see that between Christianity and the ideas of Marxism there can be no reconciliation. "It is easier," said Jesus Christ, "for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." That extraordinarily powerful metaphor is central to Christian thought as well as being at the heart of contemporary confusion. Together with such antinomies by the apostles as "the faithful live together and owned everything in common," they sold their goods and possessions and shared out the proceeds among themselves according to what each one needed." The Bible has been interpreted to take on a decidedly socialist and revolutionary hue.

In fact, although divorcing oneself of material goods is absolutely central to Christianity, what Christ meant by it is a radically antithetical to Marxism. For Christianity, a man possessing TV sets, a Mercedes and bank accounts in Switzerland would be too encumbered to pass through the eye of a needle and thus address himself to the central and single purpose of religion—the salvation of his soul.

Marxism, on the other hand, does not wish the rich to give up the poor. Nor did Marx concern himself in the least with the salvation of anybody's soul, because materialism—dialectical or not—finds salvation and soul to be Stone Age concepts in the category of witchery and witchcraft. Marxism wishes to abolish in one fell swoop any distinction between rich and poor by outlawing the private ownership of all material possessions that may bring income. The idea here is not that the rich should contribute themselves to the needs of the poor but that there should be no such categories as rich and poor anymore.

This is not to say that, in the search for his own salvation, the Christian turns a blind eye to the miseries of the world here and now. Social justice is clearly a concern of the church—in it is of all decent men. By social justice, one refers to the reduction of glaring disparities in asset-based wealth, power and privilege. Certain disparities, of course, are neither necessary nor unjust. Some disparities naturally exist, such as those between the beautiful and ugly, the agile and clumsy, the clever and

*'The modern church is anxious to revitalize the moral authority that seems to be slowly slipping away from it'*

foolish—although any decent society would want to diminish the consequences flowing from natural advantages without embarking on the thoroughly unjust business of penalizing those with gifts. Social justice looks for ways to structure society in such a way as to eliminate such extremes of physical poverty as homelessness and starvation, as well as exclusion from a say in the community's affairs.

When some of us as part company with those people in today's church who call for various social and economic reforms it is not because one thinks Christians should not be concerned with social justice. It is solely because these elements in the church have identified for themselves a Third Dimension in a black social justice, and a mixture of Marxism, syndicalism and socialism as the only route to it.

The Canadian bishops under Bishop René De Ros, for example, who saw increased community and worker ownership of industry and facilities as a means to help social justice as well as the elimination of the profit motive, were recasting the ideas of syndicalism

and Marxism. What was utterly lacking in their own efforts was any understanding that such ventures have been tried, have utterly failed and have shown the most dismal record of establishing social justice.

One of the glaring blind spots of thinkers of the René De Ros or Christian-shoulding sort of Marxism is the failure to see that, while wealth creates disparities in a free society, the same disparities are created by other means in the type of society they advocate. A Marxist boss may have only a marginally higher salary than a Marxist worker but he will have privileges in power and goods that his capitalist counterpart could not purchase for 50 times the income.

One supposes that people in the church embrace the brew of Marxism and syndicalism, etc., out of a combination of good and bad instincts. The good instinct is the abhorrence of human suffering. The bad instinct comes from the aristocratic nature of socialism itself, to which the church is not immune. The state in socialism is not an overstatement. It has to be managed by a group of people who must, ultimately, believe that they know what is best for all of us. If one were not concerned with social justice, it would be quite charming to become a Marxist-socialist or a progressive church person, only in the idea that one knew unshakably what was best for everyone in a highly organized society run by its own elite of socialist intellectuals. Never mind the real life, one could say, we will make sure that things are done just equitably in this life. In practice, of course, no one can make sure that things are done just equitably.

The modern church is not immune to the stress of this social world. It wants to revitalize the moral authority that seems to be slipping away from it. Some of its members are intrigued by the highly secular concerns of power and privilege that come with being a moral pontiff on earth. Needless to say, this is also true of the right-wing fundamentalists of today's church. But they are far less dangerous at the moment. Why? Because they do not flirt with those deadly forces in Latin America, Africa and Asia that are backed up by the armed might of the Soviet Union and China—and which have about as much concern for the social concerns of progressive churchmen as they have for the churchmen in their own countries.



# Counting up the miseries

By Carol Gore

It is an unsettling portrait of a nation. The Canada that emerges from the 1981 census is a land of shrinking opportunities and debilitating dreams. The best-educated generation this country has ever produced now faces the most severe unemployment since the Great Depression. The traditional family is falling apart. And, after struggling for a decade, women in the workforce are not much better off than before. An census manager Edward Pryor issued over the 252 volumes of information his 46,000 enumerators had collected across the country, he admitted that he just sensed "The danger signs are there," he said. "We could be headed into a period of increasing discontent."

The national census, conducted once every five years, is much more than a count-to-count head. A survey of government departments, social scientists ranging from the number of bathrooms in a house to the tension of its occupants. The 1981-census study provides 34.3 million Canadians with the most detailed profile that they can get of themselves. But even this, says a group of deft policymakers a snapshot of the country's future. Today's patterns are tomorrow's problems, today's trends, tomorrow's transitions. That makes the census one of the most valuable tools the government has at its disposal for developing new programs and determining priorities.

The central themes of the 1981 census is the role as shapers of the children of the 1960s and 1960s Canada's postwar babies were raised with the expectation that a good education would provide them with a sure ticket to success. Now, however, they are discovering that skills, degrees and diplomas do not open doors into the job market. "Today's young people have the ability and education to make a contribution to society, but society isn't giving them the outlet," says Pryor. It's a growing farmer sociology professor from the University of Western Ontario.

Although sociologists insist that it is



BC engineering students; women in the workplace (below) shrinking opportunities

too early to sound the death knell for the nuclear family, the message of the census is that the tradition of the two-parent family is in deep trouble. While there were 27.6-per-cent more single parents in 1981 compared to 1976, the number of traditional two-parent families grew by only 5.5 per cent in the same period. The number of Canadian two-parent families has more than doubled since a decade ago, the large majority of women remain trapped in low-paying, dead-end, service jobs. What makes this especially discouraging for feminists is that the traditional women's job "photo"—childcare, sales, teaching and nursing positions—seems to be expanding. In 1975, 30.5 per cent of working women were in those traditional occupations. By 1981, the proportion had increased to 34.4 per cent. What seems to be happening is that, as light industries shrink, women are

denied that the whole family system is going to jolt, but we will need to change a lot of programs."

The census also tells the bitter-sweet story—more bitter than sweet—of what happened to Canadian women in the 1950s. Although there are now five times more female engineers, six times more women lawyers and more than

four times as many female nurses has driven them a decade ago, the large majority of women remain trapped in low-paying, dead-end, service jobs. What makes this especially discouraging for feminists is that the traditional women's job "photo"—childcare, sales, teaching and nursing positions—seems to be expanding. In 1975, 30.5 per cent of working women were in those traditional occupations. By 1981, the proportion had increased to 34.4 per cent. What seems to be happening is that, as light industries shrink, women are



the first to lose work in Canadian factories. In a recently released study on women in the workplace, the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women came to the disheartening conclusion that "there are now some women at almost all paid jobs, but most are at the bottom of the heap doing women's work at women's wages—the picture that emerges is one of persistence and often debilitating ghettoization."

Although it is only 21 months since census day on June 1, 1981, some of the figures reported last week are already dated. For example, the survey shows a mad rush of job-hungry civil and military Canadian to Alberta in the late 1970s. But, as current Statistics Canada estimates now show, the exodus to the promised land has fallen by 38 per cent, to just under 20,000. The census figures for labor force growth are now similarly dated—only out of date. On census day 65 per cent of Canadians belonged to the labor force, which means that they either had a job or were seeking one. By January of this year, however, only 62.5 per cent of the population remained in the work force.

Today's economic downturn has had another, less obvious, effect on the census—it has reversed some of the old facts. Many of the most interesting figures—the number of vacation homes, television sets, power lawnmowers and pure Canadian cars—have been dropped to save on costs. Recruiters who once asked themselves whether they owed a refrigerator, washing machine and a flush toilet now keep to the bare facts. Statistics Canada, only wanted to know the number of houses (Almost one in four needs repair), when they were built (almost seven of 10 before 1975), how many rooms (the average is 5.7), how many bathrooms (1.3 per cent—112,000—have one and 0.7 per cent have three or more) and how they are heated (38 per cent use gas, 24 per cent oil and 36 per cent electricity).

In most cases the census merely reminds Canadians of what they already knew. The baby-boom generation will work its way through the cycle, stretching society's resources at every stage—from kindergarten to old-age homes. The country should be preparing for thousands of pensioners who will soon leave the work force, for hundreds of schools that will become increasingly empty over the next five years and for a decade of strain on the long-term care. Will the government heed the message in the census? Pryor, a 10-year veteran of Statistics Canada, doubts it. "The politicians want to step in power for the next two or three years, the taxpayer just wants to get through this year. It's tough enough living the family income line without worrying about what will happen 10 years from now."

## Titanic fight offshore

The underwater officials off the Grand Banks have been haunted by the ghosts of the 36 men who died when the Ocean Ranger expired 23 months ago. But recently there have been even more volatile forces at work that have not only threatened lives on the offshore but also caused a gas-fueled political blowup between Ottawa and Newfoundland.

Apart from the several winter

haunted by men, Scott McGrath "I think the message of energy is taking on a ball of a chance, one terrible risk. Because if anything happens it's all going to fall on him."

The storm that sparked the controversy occurred when the Mobil Oil Canada Ltd. rigs 6800 706 and West Venture were stationed more than 100 nautical miles offshore. On company orders the 706 was quickly towed toward land



Offshore, and (below) the SEDCO 706 is gas-fueled political blowup

seas whose 100-ton winds often push the Atlantic sea as high as six-story buildings, the offshore this year is riddled with more than 16 times the usual number of seaborne. The barrels of the largest drilling rigs are clear, but even the smaller "bunny biter"—often as large as Cadillac—can replace a rig's position and are almost impossible to spot in storm-battered seas even with the most sophisticated aerial equipment.

For the Newfoundland government of Brian Peckford, the solution to the added danger to the 160 men now on the rigs was obvious: stop drilling. Federal Energy Minister Jean Chrétien, however, disagreed, and two weeks ago, when the Newfoundland government ordered two rigs back to shore, Chrétien ordered them back. Last week, when Conservative MP James McGrath (St. John's East) accused the government of playing fast and loose with the lives of Newfoundland men, the controversy

But the province claims that with "tempests only 10 to 15 km away the West Venture was trapped, unable either to disassemble anchors or to evade the rig because of the storm's severity. On Feb. 24 Newfoundland Energy Minister Wilfrid Marshall told a press conference that the incident gave the provincial government some cause for "pride, shame and anger" directed at a

winter drilling while safety guidelines and the federal government's off-shore search and rescue (SAR) services were reviewed. But, instead of calling for a halt to the deep-water drilling, Mobil obeyed Chrétien's order to remain at work after federal officials maintained that sea conditions were not as dangerous as the province claimed, and, in a press release leaked at the





time, Christian claimed that rough weather and distant icebergs were only "poor excuses for this latest example of provincialism" and added, "It's a purely political move." Christian also berated the province for not seriously halting the drilling and ignoring the pleas of free consulting federal officials. He also questioned why provincial officials did not attend a meeting with federal and company representatives to discuss the affair on Feb. 26 and speculated that the province's disengagement at the Newfoundland Supreme Court decision to avoid ownership of the offshore to Ottawa was the cause of the order to stop drilling.

The debate carried on in a flurry of letters between the two capitals. In one, Macdonald accused Christian of overlooking the rigs back just as that he could. "In his meander," Marshall wrote, "What good would negotiations have done with a government which, contrary to all responsible opinion, has stubbornly, obstinately rejected the basic need for approved search and rescue services." In the past three months two federal reports have recommended a bed-of-up stretch and rescue operation in Newfoundland. At the very least the provincial government would have to establish a base for search and rescue helicopters and airplanes in St. John's, instead of stationing helicopters alone in Gander—which can mean a three-hour trip to the rigs. And the closing of a federal weather and sea-travel station at St. John's, NB, is another nagging grievance. Riel McDevitt, residing in the Ocean Ranger disaster "Red Sea" helicopters have been in St. John's, they could possibly have saved lives."

These charges coincide with accusations of suppression by Cpt. David Walsh, who until 1987 was marine superintendent with the Armed Forces search and rescue centre in Halifax. Riel Walsh: "We could be faced with an Ocean Ranger disaster tomorrow and there is not a damn thing we could do about it."

Meanwhile, so safety as the rig was to be moved in the political tug-of-war, Gerry Henderson, president of Chemagro Standard Ltd., Mobil's partner, emphasized that the oil industry cannot tolerate being squeezed between the wills of two governments. An oil-related society of Newfoundland should stop, said Henderson, until the jurisdictional issues are finally settled by the Supreme Court of Canada. But, with the ownership of Hibernia still awaiting a decision and a provincial appeal yet to be heard, the Supreme Court seems poised any quick end to the immediate fight—a fight to avert another Ocean Ranger.

—MICHAEL CLEGGON in Halifax, with Randolph Joyce in St. John's

## Real farmers don't eat crow

For the 50 members of the National Farmers' Union who recently picketed the Saskatchewan legislature last week, it was a game of cat and mouse. While they demonstrated against federal Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin's arrival in Regina, Pepin slipped in a side attack in a writing elevator that took him to Premier Grant Devine's office. After an hour-long discussion with Devine on the contentious new policy on the Crown-est Pave freight rate, Pepin again re-



Devine: a game of cat and mouse

opened the protection's wrath by ducking out a rear freight door. One thing was clear from Pepin's Soudier-like antics: both he and the federal government, with their plan to increase the traditional freight rate (forbidd by the end of the decade, were in the eye of a Prairie storm.

For his part, Devine also took action. After almost 16 months without a stated strategy, the premier called an emergency debate that produced a new point resolution condemning the federal plan. He also dispatched his agriculture minister, Eric Bertone, to en-

list the support of the Quebec government. Although that mission failed, it was only the first part of a program aimed at building an East-West coalition against Pepin's proposals. That will begin at home with a series of public forums to focus opinion against the changes. Agriculture Minister Bertone spoke to scores of his provincial counterparts last week, and, after emphasizing his newfound crusade to the National Press Club in Ottawa, Devine set down with the western Progressive Conservative caucus in Ottawa to help draft a House of Commons strategy to block the legislation that the government hopes to pass before Aug. 1.

The sudden Saskatchewan government challenges reflects a new military feeling in the ranks of the 70,000-member Saskatchewan Wheat Pool. As the nation's largest agricultural co-op, a grain company owned by its farmer members, the Pool has been bitterly divided over the Crow issue since its officers agreed to join other farm groups in government discussions about changing the Crow early last year. "It's depressing that the Pool went along with this strategy," complains Larry Dorn, a former and Pool member since 1947 from Oungre, Sask. "There should have been an alternative plan, something we could have proposed in the event Pepin came out with something we couldn't accept." The criticism has not gone unnoticed. An insurance, on March 7 the Wheat Pool opened an office in Ottawa to lobby federal politicians and mount a campaign to explain a uniquely Western issue to the press corps on Parliament Hill. "So they better understand the values of the Crow to the national economy," says Pool secretary Jim Wright. In so doing, the crew-the-Crow forces seek to avert a weeks campaign already launched by Agriculture Canada. To quell fears in the Quebec livestock industry that an end to the Crow would increase their feed grain costs and shift livestock production to the West, the federal department ran a series of ads in Quebec's French and English dailies assuring them that "the new grain transportation policy will not be implemented at the expense of Quebec or Quebec farmers."

Understandably, the sales pitch fuelled Devine's indignation. "You can't get one part of the country against another," argued Devine. By pulling together the forces opposed to the Pool plan, Devine hopes to win a fight whose outcome—inspire Ottawa's confidence when the plan was announced in January—seems far from decided.

—DAVID EUGENE in Regina

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## A premier goes to Paris

The signature in the guest book was modest in the extreme. "Bill Davis, Brampton," it read. If the fellow wasn't famous to make the headline, surrounding the premier's official unveiling of Ontario's glittering, million-dollar presence on Paris' rue du Faubourg Saint-Honore last week, it did nothing to stir a noteworthy eye what he is in a name. As Premier William Davis presided last week for some business and tourism with a two-day visit with top French officials, including Prime Minister Pierre Manu, Quebec's Paris delegation and officials at the Quai d'Orsay had quietly worked themselves into a private tangle about the title and status of Quebec's new representative, former CBC public affairs star Adrienne Clarkson.

Officially dubbed the premier's agent-general ever since her arrival last May, Clarkson is identified on her passport and calling card in French as *Delegue General*. In the language of international relations, as the foreign ministry knows so well, that title implies a measure of political status and diplomatic immunity that France has officially allowed only one other foreign minister head—Quebec's man in Paris, Yves Michaud. Moreover, it is a special relationship that *Delegue General* Michaud intends to preserve snugly. Although Quebec's officials publicly deny that they pressured the French foreign ministry—already a Quebec stronghold prior to their exile—even the *delegue*-speakmaster, Claude Bolduc, insisted "Anybody can call themselves anything they like. But if Mr. Michaud put 'ambassador' on his card, I'm sure the Canadian government would like it." In private, other Quebec officials admit to greater misgivings at what now saw as a shadowy federal plot. However, according to other Davis' thinking is that "if we play it cool, it will evolve the way we handled French in Ontario—step by step." That compromise proved to be less than fortunate. Some misadventures for the premier's 50,000 franc Ontario—residents (close to bankrupt Paris-based journalists last week with a special edition of the newsletter depicting Davis as a terrorist in caricature under the slogan 200 francs of interest-free US dollars).

Although Davis bowed far above the Parisian breakables, his carefully choreographed three-capital tour of Europe did nothing to hurt his statesmanlike image in the Conservative leadership race Davis, who was the first Ontario premier to visit France in 27 years, was hoisted by questions about his possible interest in resigning, whether he stepped before the microphones. The

interest was fanned by word from home that the race was heating up and that a group of Conservative MPs in Ottawa had circulated a letter among caucus to draft Davis. Former Toronto mayor David Crombie has already announced, and expectations are that Robson's Centre MP Michael Wilson, York North MP John Gault and Robinson's Oliver owner Peter Cockington would jump in this week. Davis only coyly hinted that he might join them.

In London, a day after receiving from a view that he came down with on

them out of the wilderness." Queen's Park decided last year to upgrade its three-man trade delegation with a staff of 12, led by Clarkson's high-profile chief. The appointment was partly a response to Ottawa's plea to replace Canadian francophone commissioners after than Quebec's. Even before Clarkson's highly publicized installation at \$100,000 a year, Ontario officials wrote to the Quai d'Orsay asking for the same status and privileges in which Quebec has looked for the past two decades. Officially, the request is still under consideration. But unofficially the pro-Quebec Quai has made it clear that Ontario does not stand a



Davis with Clarkson, a subtle diplomatic tug-of-war in the backroom of Paris

his valet Brucelles, Davis told a private luncheon gathering held by Canadian High Commissioner Donald Jamieson that he knew nothing of the "David's" matter. Said Davis: "I really don't think there is one and I don't deal in hypothetical situations." That detail sparked a quick bit of political ribbing from Britain's former Labour prime minister James Callaghan, who attended the luncheon. Warning that if Davis did not take the plunge Callaghan's head might go for it, Callaghan said: "Somebody needs to lead

charge. Not only was the promise told that Clarkson, unlike Michaud, would not be allowed on the official diplomatic invitation list, but also that she would not be permitted access to top French officials, except through the Canadian Embassy.

With that prospect threatening to shade her as a bird in a gilded cage, Clarkson set up a three-story suite of offices just off the Champs Elysees last May as a showplace for the province's technological prowess. The long borrowed corridors by Ontario partners

such as Jack Bush and Graham Coughlin. But with relentless charm she also set about uncovering the Quai, outwitting her own contacts in intimate 19th century for night at her luxurious left bank apartment. "I have done all that networking myself," she says. "Besides, the diplomatic list don't help you do business. And I'm here to do business. We're not here to play politics." Instructed by the premier's office to cool her lobbying to legitimize the *delegue* status prior to Davis' visit, she bristles at the suggestion that the diplomatic not-peeking over her title has hindered her job. "The proof that it hasn't [been] hindered," she argues, "is the visit."

In truth, through Clarkson's networking and embassy influence Davis managed to achieve a dazzling episode. He received a personal airport welcome from Foreign Trade Minister Michel Jobert, who hosted an official dinner in his honor at the two-star restaurant Le Dome. In an hour-long chat, Manu promised Clarkson that he would endeavor personally to speed up Franco-Ontarian student exchanges. Along the way, Davis managed to play superlative, outperforming the standoffish abstraction of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau only few months earlier before the same audience, the Franco-Canadian Chamber of Commerce. The premier even slipped in some personal word-busting, stopping by Rosell headquarters to seek assurances that there would be no more layoffs at the company's plant in Dorval Brampton riding.

In return for the hospitality, Davis offered the French a plan for which they had long been lobbying—a promise that the protectively high 60-cent handling charge added to the price of every bottle of French wine imported by Clarkson's logo brand would be lowered by 25 or 30 cents in the year future, the same across a hostile U.S. government, faced out of the province last month. But, as the notoriously pro-Quebec daily *Le Monde* noted in its recent three-part coverage of the Davis visit, the reduction would probably prompt the "anglophone province" merely to buy more of the California wines, which also benefit from the new rate. As Clarkson saw her new office in Brussels and London to draw her to Ontario with common interests, she also noted that she had no intention of changing her calling card. "It's just a moment out of a model as far as I'm concerned," she said. "Ontario by any other name would smell as sweet to the French if they felt they could make any money." Meanwhile, as the valet Brucelles, Clark's son left for a library up to deal out by taking the money.

—MARC McDONALD in Paris.



Beats awaiting the hook setting the stage for what could be the last harvest

## One last fling on the floes?

In Newfoundland the fury about the European ban on walshide has included the North Atlantic gale. St. John's resident James Farley wrote an angry letter to the editor of *The Evening Telegram* that evoked the mood of thousands. "Our seas has been dragged in the mud by the British and the French press. Newfoundlanders were the first to take German battleships the first war to protect those two countries. Now they act as seagulls and mavericks." In seashore monarchist outposts such as Port aux Basques and Twillingate, fishermen and their families peered out across the pack ice of Notre Dame Bay in search of the season's first seal herds and they swore they would never again by a Queen Jack. St. Capt. Stewart Johnson, the last of the legendary sealing skipper, was determined to sail his Clagden M. Johnson to the Front off northeast Newfoundland for one more seal harvest, even though he calculated that the trip will cost him money, because the European Economic Community—Britain and France included—has extended its "temporary" ban on the import of seal pup skins until October, 1985. And, with the likes of Paul Watson, the conservationist most infamous for his participation in head smashes from Portland, Me., in his vessel, *Siya Shepherds*, to claim the first sealing ship that leaves the harbor, the stage was set for what could be Canada's last seal hunt.

As the ice loomed, 10 years of rage and well-financed campaigning by a variety of conservationist groups seemed to have carried the day against the 1,000 Newfoundland sealers. For 100 years they have roamed, and sometimes lost, their lives going out onto the pack ice for the once-pressed "walshides." The most serious blow to the \$13-million Canadian industry had fallen even before last week's ban was finalized, when Norway, the other major sealing nation, announced that its ships would take no young seals on the Labrador Front this year. Then the Norwegian-controlled seal-processing monopoly in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, which had bought virtually the entire Canadian catch of 114,000 pelts last year, said it would buy no more than 90,000 pelts this year—all of them the lower-grade grades.

In Ottawa, Fisheries Minister Pierre LeBlond, frustrated by Canada's failure to bend of the ban by its NATO partners, announced that the European quota for seal from Canadian waters this year would be cut by a third, from 15,000 to 10,000 tonnes—about seven hundred tonnes. Although that move will penalize fishermen from West Germany and Britain, Newfoundland does not regard it as a significant provocation. But should the cut come retribution against Europe's purchases of seal, Canadian newspapers, the seal would claim even more casualties.

—RANGLING JERRY in St. John's and MELISS GILBERT in Portland.

## Ottawa rewires the TV world

Winning satellite receiver manufacturer Paul Nuykman was stated when Ottawa revealed a new broadcasting policy that effectively proscribed freedom for the wirewoven last week. He reacted a huge sigh on his front lawn pronouncing the good news from Ottawa "TV's LIES!" Nuykman's station had to do with a turbulent decision last week by Communications Minister Francis Fox that the federal government had abandoned the fight against television dish antennas as part of a policy change. Fortuitously for the embattled Liberals, for a change, the announcement is likely to make more friends than enemies. Along with Nuykman, who makes the consumer-friendly receivers, the Fox announcement should please cable operators, who were confirmed in their roles as prime distributors of television programming, independent program producers, whom Ottawa will now help fund in the effort to create Canadian programs, and viewers, who will get access to a broader range of foreign and domestic television fare. There was even a reprieve of sorts for the CBC, whose fate awaits further cabinet discussion.

But, unlike most broadcasting initiatives from Ottawa over the years, the gleamy 50-page announcement says little about the use of the airwaves for the public good or about providing a guaranteed supply of quality Canadian programming to Canadian viewers. Instead, priority is given to lowering the rules governing imported programs. The move may be popular but it is a marked departure from the traditional Canada of broadcast policy in Canada.

The largest group of beneficiaries of the new approach in the near future will be in Atlantic Canada, where television service has been restricted to only two U.S. commercial networks. Under the new policy cable companies can now add a third channel as soon as they obtain approval from the regulatory Commission Radio-Television and Telecommunications Canada (CRTC) that the cable firm stand to gain the most in the long run. The Fox policy opens the door to satellite service, under which cable operators will be permitted to charge customers more for channels delivered beyond the basic 12 on the standard satellite dish. That could mean that some Canadians will pay more each month for U.S. channels they now get for the basic cable fee. This would happen as cable systems fill up the basic 12 channels with Canadian stations, forcing U.S. signals onto commercial service, for which cable firms may be permitted

to charge a premium. The cable companies will also be allowed to make arrangements with U.S. pay TV channels to bring programming into Canada, which presumably will be added as another "tier." The policy may also spell the end of the current practice of simultaneous programming. Most recently, *MP45* was substituted on U.S. channels carried by Canadian cable companies. Accordingly, some viewers received as many as six channels showing the identical program. In future, cable companies will be allowed, and may even be

required, to substitute alternate programming on the two Canadian channels. As a result, while the car shows *Dukes* on Friday nights, for example, the cable company could substitute National Film Board productions on the two Canadian channels. Cable companies would even be allowed to sell their own commercial in an that type of programming.

Among the happiest people last week were pub owners like Donald Bingham of Toronto's Marmoset House Tavern. His \$5,000 investment in a dish antenna, aimed at luring beer drinkers onto the stools with U.S. satellite

viewing and sports events, is no longer threatened with legal action by the government. Household viewers will be free to erect backyard dishes of their own if they can afford the price, which now ranges from \$2,000 to \$5,000 for the best versions. But, as Nuykman notes, the price has come down \$2,000 in the past three months and it is likely to drop another 10 to 20 percent as demand increases. However, hotel and apartment owners who plan to distribute the signals captured from space to guest rooms and tenants must apply to the CRTC for a license to ap-

port a "wireless receiver using motion" (video). And, according to the Fox guidelines, the CRTC will not grant licenses when the receiver threatens the livelihood of the local community cable operator.

The promoters of sports spectacles were distinctly displeased with Fox's proposed new freedom in television broadcasting. "This may put us in very serious financial difficulty," says Winnipeg Blue Bombers general manager Paul Robson, who fears that football fans will prefer the pay privacy of their local paid to the cliff of the stadium. In

fact, the day after Ottawa announced the new policy, the Saskatchewan Roughriders threatened to bill their plans for a domed stadium in Regina. The happy fair-weather take the view, as Toronto's Bellingham puts it, that "anything that's up in the sky is open to the public is free." The government has a number of options. It could increase the age of the copyright to enforce property rights, says Fox, suggesting that football promoters can protect themselves with TV receivers.

While Fox threw in the towel in Ottawa's historic fight to restrict the number of U.S. radio and television stations, a minister announced that the cabinet will now closely supervise CRTC decisions to ensure that the agency stays in line. Until now, cabinet could only reject or approve CRTC decisions. The new policy gives the politicians the power to reverse decisions previously set by independent commissioners.

The Canadian content enticement of Fox's announcement was the plan for a fund of between \$35 million and \$60 million to help produce more and better Canadian drama, variety and children's programs. Ottawa estimates that for every independent producer \$1 for every \$2 they are able to raise. They are also required to show that they have a deal to get their production on the air within two years. While not unreasonable, critics think Fox has dented the scheme as "a drop in the bucket." Jim Gowan, vice-president of the Canadian Film and Television Association, which represents most independent producers, pronounced it "transcendent—something we have all been hoping for."

Some critics, however, contend that the requirement that producers raise two-thirds of the money means the trend to producing material with U.S. programming will continue. Says independent producer William Johnston: "While the plan is a help, it will in no way guarantee independent Canadian programming. Unless a producer designs and profits his product to a Canadian corporate sponsor, he will more than likely be forced to look to the United States for additional funding. And since U.S. funding is usually tied into a U.S. package of some sort, the program will have to appeal to the U.S. audience."

As a result, how much Fox-style deregulation will actually improve the diet in the living rooms of the nation will, in the end, depend on the willingness of consumers and producers to pay. Present satellite dishes and multichannel programming could offer viewers a round-the-clock feed from all over the world. Shifting it all, as shifting federal policy over the years indicates, could be a matter for another long day. —JULIE VAN DERBEEK in Ottawa and PETER CAVALIERE-GORDON in Winnipeg



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# The pontiff's turbulent pilgrimage

**A**t Rome's Leonardo Da Vinci Airport last week, Pope John Paul II went about his trip to warring Central America. About the same time, in U.S. Air Force One, a senior White House official accompanying President Ronald Reagan in California announced an overall review of U.S. policy toward the region's powder keg, El Salvador. Among the changes to be reviewed was the possibility of increasing the number and role of U.S. advisers in the strife-torn country. Then, Secretary of State

that it is "extremely wrong to see" how the pontiff endorses the civil war there. But its major concern was to win approval for the aid package from congressmen who are skeptical of the right-wing San Salvador government's civil rights record and doubt its commitment to return the country to full democracy. Still, the sighting in Washington provided a discordant background to an eight-nation papal mission.

There were other strident notes as well. For one thing, the Contras in

emergency. But there was no dissent as the Pope delivered a ringing appeal for the end of Central America's "war of death, which cries out for reconciliation," or when he called for a "necessary change of attitudes" to provide social justice.

In Nicaragua, however, the mood was dramatically different. The Pope's strongly stated views on racial prejudice and on the Sandinista plans to depose the church of its dominant role in education brought angry confrontations. At Augusto César Sandino airport, the



The Pope in Nicaragua (left). Salvadoran army patrol in discordant background to a nine-nation mission at peace

George Bush lambasted Washington's own approach. Defending an administration plan to give an additional \$60 million in military aid to El Salvador this year, Shultz rejected suggestions that negotiations should be encouraged between the Salvadoran government and leftist guerrillas. The congressman, Shultz concluded, are "dedicated to tearing the country up."

In fact, the administration's decision reflected its growing frustration at the military stalemate in El Salvador, rather than a deliberate attempt to hamper the Pope's peace efforts. Indeed, the White House acknowledged

government of President Efraín Ríos Montt ignored a papal plea for clemency and executed six captured guerrillas. Ríos Montt, a former Roman Catholic, is now a member of a California-based Protestant fundamentalist sect known as the Church of the Word, and there are concerns in Rome that he may try to erase Catholicism's traditional hold on the country.

From the outset, there were fears for the Pope's safety. But there was little trouble during his first stop in Costa Rica. A power failure blanketed out a stadium in which thousands of young people entertained the pontiff in a welcome

Pope appeared to repress Culture Minister Ernesto Cardenal, one of five priests who have defied repeated orders from the Vatican to resign from the Sandinista hierarchy. Warning him again and a black beret, Cardenal leapt in an attempt to kiss the Pope's ring. But the pontiff lifted his hands and wapped his finger as he admonished Cardenal: "You must straighten out your position with the church."

But the biggest storm took place in Managua's July 19 Plaza, where the Pope delivered a barely noticed 500,000 people from a pulpit adorned with posters of Sandinista revolutionary heroes,

but no cross in a thinly veiled attack on the leftist polarization of theology. The Pope criticized "unreconcilable ideologies, temporary options that supplant the true path." But he was forced several times to call for silence as thousands of Sandinista supporters roared in the front rows closest. "We want a church allied with the poor," and "We want peace." Responded the Pope angrily: "The church is the first to want peace."

David Ortega, the Sandinista leader, also created controversy when he welcomed the Pope with a lengthy denunciation of U.S. support of anti-Sandinista guerrillas who, he charged, are attacking Nicaragua from sanctuaries in Honduras. As a result, on Saturday Víctor Bolívar issued a stern rebuke to Nicaraguans for manipulating the visit for political purposes and profaning the mass.

But Ortega may have exaggerated Washington's ability to dictate events in Central America. At week's end, as the Pope prepared to visit El Salvador, the U.S. administration's battle in Congress suffered a setback. The assistant secretary for inter-American affairs, Thomas Ruder, told a House foreign affairs subcommittee that the Salvadoran army would run out of military supplies in 30 days unless the \$60-million aid package was provided immediately. But that assessment was contradicted by El Salvador's assistant defense secretary, Col Rafael Flores Luna, who said the army had "enough and much more."

There was also a threat of a Republican revolt as the Salvador issue. Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon said he and two colleagues had decided to vote to cut off military aid to El Salvador if the administration continued to refuse to negotiate talks between the guerrillas and the government. Hatfield agreed with Shultz that the guerrillas should not be allowed to "shoot their way" into government. But he said it was clear that the government could win guerrilla support for democratic elections only by persuasion, not by force.

To show their strength, the guerrillas launched a series of offensives on the eve of the Pope's arrival. And there were signs that the White House had recognized both the difficulty of defeating them and of convincing Congress to support its approach. El Salvador's president, Alfredo Flores, said that under pressure from Washington he had agreed to advance the date for a general election from March, 1984, to later this year. His next step may be to send in an open negotiation with the guerrillas. —DAVID NORTH, in Managua; and LEONARD LEBOWITZ in Washington and Anne Nelson in San Salvador.



Bob Hawke and supporters: 'a double whammy of time with the mineral water'

## AUSTRALIA

# Labor's Hawke waltzes home

**W**hen Bob Hawke was chosen to lead Australia's Labor party on Feb. 2, no one believed that before the year was out he would become the country's next prime minister—except Bob Hawke. And last weekend his optimism was vindicated. Hawke led his party to a stunning victory over Malcolm Fraser's Liberal-National party coalition government and became the first Labor prime minister to be elected since Gough Whitlam in 1975. In the process he shattered a seven-year reign of conservative governments that had become an anathema to the country's image as the strains of Washington Monks.

For his part, the 59-year-old Fraser, a haughty, aloof man, almost broke into tears as he conceded the defeat. Nine million Australians had turned out in an after-summer heat to reject both him and his policies, choosing instead the charismatic 59-year-old Hawke, who pledged to spend \$9.75 billion to top 500,000 cases off Australia's 600,000 unemployment rolls and lend the nation out of its crippling recession. Said Fraser, in a concession speech that mingled irony with magnanimity: "Bob Hawke and the Labor party have high ambitions. I hope they can achieve them. If they can, it will be

to the advantage of Australia." Hawke, the former leader of the Australian Council of Trade Unions, had been in Parliament for less than three years and was drafted into his party's top post only hours before Fraser called the election. While the size of his majority was still in doubt at week's end, Labor comfortably secured the 149-seat swing it needed to gain power in a remarkably stable voting pattern throughout the country, about 54 percent of Australians switched loyalties, giving Labor a majority of about 59 members in the 125-seat House of Representatives.

In the Senate, Labor will not likely gain enough seats to secure an overall majority, leaving the tiny Democratic party and a handful of independents holding the balance. But that setback did not detract from Hawke's achievement. He could also look on the result as a public endorsement of his approach to economic issues, including his legendary and sometimes troublesome personal problems. In earlier days he was a noted drinker and womanizer. But last weekend he turned aside an invitation to celebrate with a glass of champagne. "No, I'll be getting a double whiskey later in my mineral water," he said. The retort was the



Fraser: cancer's end

## Communism at the crossroads

celebration of a magazine during which the drum roll of music and transportation between the two leaders was almost on a par with the scale of national disasters. First, tank fires devastated vast tracts of South Australia and Victoria, claiming 25 lives and forcing a five-day electoral truce. Then, four days before the vote, terrorist riots flooded much of the fire-ravaged area of South Australia and washed away hundreds of houses, many of them leaders housing bush-fire victims. As a Labor victory became increasingly likely, a fiscal crisis loomed: capital flooded out of the country as investors took flight, eroding \$1 billion from the country's \$10-billion reserves in seven days.

This flight of funds forced Hawke's raid in the polls to shy from 18 to 16 percent. Foreign investors and business feared that Labor would denude the dollar, saw worth \$117 in Cassidus funds investors were also concerned about Hawke's avowed determination to reduce an existing stagflationed 11.5 percent inflation, 9.5 percent unemployment and an escalating budget deficit of \$4 billion.

Hawke's prescription for the economic morass was radical by Fraser's conservative standards. In addition to tax spending programs, aimed at lifting the growth rate to five per cent, Hawke pledged that Labor would raise pensions, cut taxes and reintroduce a form of medicine. But there were elements of restraint in the Labor program as well. Hawke said that he could serve upon consent for a seven and a half year term. He also said that he would work with Fraser's opposition—supported by the unions—in a six-month wage pact. But the embittered prime minister still hammered Hawke's gap-and-prices plan as "a blueprint for a union government—government by the unions for the unions." As for Labor's spending program, Fraser declared that "Under Labor, your savings will be safer under your bed than in the banks." Righted Hawke: "You can't put your savings under the bed because that's where all the Communists are." Fraser first took office, in November 1975, after securing the upset of the last Labor government by blocking its money supply in the Senate, and went on to victory in two subsequent elections. In concealing a deficit last weekend, Fraser also resigned as leader of the Liberal party, and one of Australia's most durable political traditions faded into memory. Bob Hawke will make sure of it.

—PHILIP BERNARD on Sydney



Berlinguer harangues delegates, 'something new'

It. Miller's giant steel-and-concrete sports palace last week more than 1,100 Italian Communists were holding their first congress since 1979. The delegates' objective is to elect a new party leadership open to a course for the future—the so-called "democratic alternative"—which they hope will reverse the flagging political fortunes of the West's largest Communist Party.

The trappings—red flags and giant-stained posters—embodied the party's vibrant Marxist heritage. But the message delivered by Enrico Berlinguer, the party's 41-year-old leader, was an unpleasant one for the two representatives from Moscow. Berlinguer strongly attacked U.S. President Ronald Reagan and he sharply criticized Italy's plan to station 112 cruise missiles at Comiso, in Sicily, as "disastrous talks with the Soviet Union break down. But he also made it clear that

the partial breakdown in relations with Moscow that followed the imposition of martial law in Poland in December, 1981, is unlikely to improve.

Crisis' conciliatory



have been squabbling over policy and positions for years. There was also a lively discussion on the need for greater internal democratization. Political candidate Alberto Jaconetta, himself a Communist and a former Washington correspondent for the party newspaper *L'Unità*, commented, "Something new and exciting is going on here."

The debate over ties with the Socialists is vital if the Communists hope to ensure the steady erosion in the so-called "center-right" standing over the past eight years. In 1983 nearly 35 per cent of the electorate voted Communist, and Berlinguer's "historic compromise" with former prime minister Giulio Andreotti's ruling Christian Democrats brought the party almost within reach of power. But, after more than two years of close cooperation with the coalition, the Communists began to feel compromised. They are

books with the Christian Democrats in early 1979. But still, the Communists, Italy's second-largest party, lost four percentage points in this year's elections. They lost more ground in subsequent local votes, and party analysts are worried that if nothing is done next year's elections will leave the party with less than 30 percent of the vote for the first time in decades. This year 40,000 Communists left the party, reducing the total membership to 1.7 million. José Luis D'Alema, a 38-year-old Communist worker: "We have been marking time. To go forward again we need to reorganize the entire left, and that means an alliance with the Socialists."

Closer relations with the Socialists, who command about 18 per cent of the vote and form Italy's third-largest party, is a central element in Berlinguer's strategy. The party now hopes for joint participation in a government that will take over when the Christian Democrats' 38-year domination of Italian personal life ends.

But Berlinguer dismissed that prospect when he paid only lip service to the idea of future unity. Then he bitterly attacked the Socialists for being opportunistic, opportunistic and not sufficiently wedded to Marxist ideals. It was left to the second-round, holding Socialist Party leader Bettino Craxi, to set the tone. He did not maintain the difficulties of forming a coalition but emphasized the two forces to begin negotiating their differences. There were also threats of approval when the league, the Communist Party's "left wing," called openly for an alliance between the two parties before the 1984 general elections.

The wares of applause for Ingrao, the most enthusiastic since the congress began, were a clear sign of approval for the long-haired theorist's unimpeachable plan for more openness in the deliberations of the party's central committee. Said Ingrao: "We have been so strong we do not need to defend ourselves with words." (Disent, he added, "In our country, a longer but a smaller part of our souls.")

But, that view may not be shared by all delegates, and the question of greater internal democracy is likely to be debated long after the gathering ends. Now, with Berlinguer and Craxi consistently leading, is an alliance with the Socialists likely to develop quickly or last long? But many observers and Communists alike believe that the party needs new leadership at the top if a real change is to take place. "Berlinguer's unshakable control over the party apparatus," said one moderate-party critic, "may well turn out to be fatal."

—SARAH GILBERT in Milan



Argentinians praised economic conditions: the public has found its voice

## ARGENTINA

### Lifting the veil on democracy

The long-awaited announcement was delivered with a victorious flourish. Last week Argentine President Reynaldo Bignone told the nation that general elections will be held on Oct. 30 and that power will be transferred to a civilian government on Jan. 30, 1984. Bignone emphasized that the move would provide a triumphant conclusion to almost eight years of military rule. But for many Argentines the president's statement had the hollow ring of inevitability. The handwriting of the

Falklands War last year, coupled with persistent demands for an explanation for the disappearance of thousands of people during a campaign against leftists in the 1970s and its ensuing crisis that bordered on anarchy, has robbed the regime of respect and support. At the same time, there are recurrent rumors that military hard-liners may stage a preemptive coup. But sensible politicians argue that if the generals do not turn over power willingly, popular uprising will force them to step down, and a popular slogan in Buenos Aires evokes the words of the country's popular former president, Juan Perón: violence in the hands of the people is not violence. It is justice.

When the military supplanted the civilian government of Perón's third wife, President María Estela (Isabel) Menéndez de Pineda, in 1976, the coup leaders pledged to cure the nation of its economic malaise—accelerating inflation and crippling debt. But by last week Argentina's annual inflation rate had soared to 400 per cent, and its \$40-billion foreign debt was the world's third largest. And the military government's economic program is extremely unpopular. For its part, Economic Minister Jorge Wilsor secured a \$2.5-billion emergency aid package from the International Monetary Fund in January. But critics now charge that the money is being wasted on ornaments to replace material lost in the Falklands conflict. The economic crisis has virtually destroyed the junta's popularity. But it is in the issue of the missing people, the so-called *desaparecidos*, that still deeply wounds Argentine society. As many as 15,000 Argentines vanished in



Bignone a noisy flourish

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the military's drive to eradicate leftist civilian opposition, especially the powerful trade union movement. Until recently, most Argentines were too frightened to demand an explanation. But, with the increasing prospect of a return to democracy, the public has found its voice, and the military's hopes of extricating itself with a vague explanation and a general amnesty no longer seem to be satisfactory. As a result, many members of the armed forces now fear that a future civilian government will put hundreds of officers on trial.

That is not the government's only problem. The civilian parties have demanded an inquiry into the Falklands debacle. Public criticism has been fuelled by a low-flying back of interviews with veterans, Los Chicos de la Guerra (The Boys From the War), which portrays Argentina's commanding officers as bungling and sadistic. Even among former members of the junta, criticism has been soaring. Former president Leopoldo Galtieri last fall issued a critique of the war's management and begged blame in his field commanders, including Brig-Gen Mario Benjamín Menéndez, who commanded the Falklands garrison. Ironically, two weeks ago the junta was reported to have been considering prison sentences for Galtieri and former navy chief Admiral Jorge Isaac Anaya for their roles in the war. Civilian condemnation has been no less scathing. Says Peronist Party leader Desislado Bittel, "We always knew the military did not know how to govern. Now we know they do not know how to fight, either."

Their level of incompetence prompted Bittel to warn last week that the politicians must avoid "a campaign aimed at damaging the prestige of the armed forces." If the civilians did not show more restraint, he said, the election plans might be shelved. But, in fact, the country's military leaders have little choice but to surrender power. And junior officers—particularly in the army—share many of the politicians' views about military mismanagement.

Still, the return of a civilian to the Casa Rosada, the presidential residence in Buenos Aires, will not by itself solve Argentina's massive problems. Indeed, many pessimistic observers predict a situation in which civilian politicians will provide leadership over Western Republic-style hyperinflation, followed by public chaos and yet another military coup. Bignone himself has acknowledged the peril. In a recent address he warned: "We run the risk of setting fire to the country, and then of its loss as a sovereign state." No matter who has control of the levers of power, inflation and the growth of past repression seem likely to haunt the nation.

—JAMES MCELROY in Buenos Aires

## REU

## A shadow crosses the Shining Path

**R**esidents of the Peruvian town of Ayacucho had just finished their normal one evening hot week when the town's power supply failed. Three dynamite blasts followed, rocking the darkened streets. Above the town of 30,000 the unmistakable outline of a hammer and sickle burned in flames on a towering hill. Residents fled for cover as bullets and troops battled guerrillas in the narrow streets. At midnight nearly 50 dynamite blasts went off in a string of five minutes.

The battle in the Andean town 200 km northwest of Lima was the latest between government forces and Maoist



Rebeldes: pursuing a ruthless course

rebels who call themselves the Sendero Luminoso (shining path). The estimated 200 to 300 guerrillas have caused so much havoc in their 30-month campaign that the civilian government of President Fernando Belaúnde Terry has placed some of Peru's 141 provinces under direct military control. Sendero has also dispatched 3,000 troops to root out Senderistas, a group that combines elements of traditional Inca mysticism with the collectivism of the Chinese Revolution. But some of the government's tactics—particularly the use of the dreaded Soviet anti-personnel squads—have led to increasing criticism that the cost of victory may prove too high.

Sendero Luminoso first emerged

from 30 years' position at the University of Arizona in 1982, when the democratically elected Belandé regime took office after 10 years of military dictatorship. At first, under their founder, Abimael Guzmán, a former member of the university's education department, the guerrillas made deep inroads. They remained on the quiet organization of the highland campesino (peasant) over several years and exploited their uncanny knowledge of the Andean terrain in their campaign to create a Communist University-style revolution in the backward Peruvian countryside. Not only that, but years of neglect by governments in Lima earned the Senderista sympathy in the outlying provinces populated almost entirely by Indians who speak their own language. But campesino support began to waver as the Senderista moved for control in areas where they had done little political groundwork and when the guerrillas began holding "people's courts" and executing peasants who objected to their forcible recruitment of young people.

The mobility factor and the government's stepped-up policing of the highlands may have turned the tide against the guerrillas. But an extraordinary move seems to have revived some dissidents. Police have offered peasants bonuses of food and supplies for every Senderista they bring in, dead or alive. Western military analysts suggest that as many as 30 civilians may have died because campesinos have used the offer to send ordinary old guerrillas among themselves, especially over land rights. But there is little sign that the Belandé regime is about to cut back on the bounty program, despite evidence that it is getting out of control. Indeed, Belandé has promised such "zero cooperation" as a tactic. In one gritty village, eight peasants, though some were blackguised to death on Jan. 26 in the remote village of Ubinaso, where they were headed to investigate reports that five guerrillas had been killed the week before. An army spokesman said that the guerrillas had mistaken for a civilian because they entered the town wearing a red flag. But a presidential commission set up to investigate the killings heard evidence that Senderista gangs invited campesinos to kill any stranger venturing into the area. The journalists had taken victims to that tactic in Moravia, Belandé's government is steadily losing public support because of a tough economic restraint program and is in dire need of success as the guerrilla war. With elections scheduled for November, the president seems determined to pursue a civilian course in hopes of victory at the polls.

MICHAEL SMITH in Aguaytza

# THE UNITED STATES

## Canada's unwitting supporter

Outside Washington's Biograph Theatre last week the flaggers lined up for hours, huddled beneath umbrellas in the chill evening rain. Surprisingly, the attendance that sold out the theatre for four consecutive showings was not the latest Hollywood blockbuster. Instead, it was a rarely viewed National Film Board video—two on acid rain and a third, an antiwar film—that the U.S. justice department had suddenly labelled "government propaganda." That ruling, which required libraries to run an opening disclaimer noting Washing-

ton censorship, U.S. censors about acid rain is provided in the New England states. Elsewhere in the United States, opinions on the severity of the acid rain problem differ widely. Congressmen from states with a large utility lobby tend to be critical of the accumulated scientific evidence that cites alarming power plants as the chief culprits. They are also critical of Canadian lobbying efforts. On the other hand, congressmen from states affected by acid rain are in agreement with the Canadian point of view.

The issue now is whether or not the



Lineup for acid rain movies: the blame does not lie only with U.S. industry

ton's lack of approval, generated more publicity than the film producers could have hoped through normal channels. And the Biograph's midweek showings prompted its owners to schedule additional screenings for the movie.

The justice department was clearly an unwitting promoter of the Canadian position on acid rain. But it was not alone in raising the issue of concern about the issue. Recently, dozens of U.S. environmentalists, conservationists and journalists have taken up the threat in earnest. Nor is the growing anxiety confined only to agitators or those states most victimized by earth and water acids. In a December National Wildlife Protection poll in North Carolina, nearly two-thirds of respondents knew what acid rain was—and two-thirds of that group regarded the problem as serious. Says Adele Hurley, co-ordinator of the Canadian Coalition Against Acid Rain, "It is a Canadian word, but it is a Canadian problem. And that's the best thing that could have happened."

measuring public concern can be translated into laws requiring tougher standards than currently exist. Attempts to amend the U.S. Clean Air Act failed in failure last year, and it is not clear the 98th Congress is willing to strengthen the Act.

Still, the blame does not lie only with U.S. industry. Scrubbers, which are attached to the stacks of coal-burning plants and neutralize 90% emissions, have been installed at 80 facilities in the United States at a cost of \$250 million each. In Ontario, where 60 percent of all 50 emissions are avoided, scrubbers have been turned down in favor of a gradual increase in nuclear power. However, defenders of Canada's approach cite the fact that Canadian air is still generally cleaner than U.S. air. Adds Hurley, "I'm not a defender of Canadian attitudes, but why should they invest in cleaner equipment when the Americans are not only going backward, they're marching."

—MICHAEL POSNER in Washington

# INDIA

## Straightening the Nonaligned

As the leaders of the nearly 300 nations belonging to the Non-aligned Movement prepared to hold their triennial summit in New Delhi this week, there was little prospect that any of the world's most pressing problems would be satisfactorily thrashed out. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who succeeded Cuba's Fidel Castro as the movement's chairman, expressed the hope that the conference would focus on such topics as nuclear disarmament and a new world economic order. But regional disputes seemed almost certain to preoccupy the first minutes instead.

The movement, which was founded in 1961, has clearly reached a crossroads. In its early years it acted as a voice for the Third World, opposing colonialism and imperialism. But its now clearly divided course between the superpower blocs is now an uncertain slide at best. Official content that the movement has lost direction, become too diverse and too susceptible to the rhetoric of member states which often promote their own interests at the expense of the movement as a whole.

Doubts about the movement's effectiveness and independence increased after the last summit in Havana in 1979. At that time, Castro told members that the Soviet Union was their "natural ally." Moscow's subsequent military occupation of movement member Afghanistan shattered that belief. There is also a continuing dispute over representation for Kampuchea. Gandhi supports the pro-Vietnam regime of Heng Samrin, which is now in power, but the group of about 60 Asian Nations has insisted that the summit recognize a coalition government in exile, led by Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the former Cambodian ruler. Not only that, but the summit's agenda was threatened by an unforeseen Soviet-Afghan war. Asian states over representation of the Western Balkans, where Pelasmo Front guerrillas are fighting with Moscow for control of the mineral-rich desert area. That perennial dispute prevented the Organization of African Unity from even meeting in Tripoli last year.

The summit's deliberations will likely include predictable attacks on the United States and agreements on innocuous issues like making the Indian Ocean a neutral zone. But as matters that threaten the movement's unity, it will definitely still likely create further the organization's dwindling credibility and prestige. —PHOTO SUMMIT in New Delhi.



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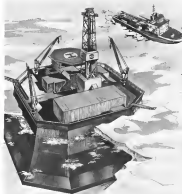
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shore exploration programs, amounting to billions of dollars, to proceed with confidence and momentum. And, indeed, these projects were proceeding on the tar sands of Alberta and offshore on the East Coast and in the Arctic.

Then, in October 1980, the federal government announced the National Energy Program. Two of its broad objectives are sensible and valid - namely, (a) Canadianization of the petroleum industry and (b) oil self-sufficiency for Canada by 1990. The first objective, Canadianization, could have been brought about in an



The only true mega-project to survive the effects of the National Energy Program, Gulf's Beaufort Sea drilling project is proceeding on schedule. Construction of ships, supply bases and other materials for the Beaufort Sea Drilling System is putting thousands of Canadians to work and feeding some \$340 million into the Canadian economy.

orderly and non-disruptive manner over a period of twenty to twenty-five years. As for the second objective - oil self-sufficiency by 1990 - that is now more likely to be 1996 at the very earliest.

In 1982, Canada paid over five billion dollars (that is five thousand million) to buy imported oil. Most of that money - which should have been spent here - left our country forever.

The National Energy Program headed a resurgence in economic nationalism of a magnitude that had not been seen since the early 1960's. Historically, this sort of turning inward is not uncommon in hard times and it generally enjoys wide political support. The problem is that a national economy cannot be isolated from the inter-

national economy. The National Energy Program did not take into account the degree of integration that exists in the world economy, or the consequences and penalties that are bound to accrue when an attempt is made to isolate a single economy from the ebb and flow of international forces.

## National Energy Program can be adjusted to the new realities.

It's true that some parts of the National Energy Program are working. It successfully promoted energy conservation, and it made Case Canada aware that oil is not a renewable resource. But the National Energy Program was based on the expectation that oil prices would continue to rise to unheard-of levels. It hasn't happened.

As a result, governments are not getting the money they expected, and projects that looked so attractive to the industry are not now as attractive as they once were - simply because of falling oil prices, declining demand and lower revenues.

Gulf Canada believes that the National Energy Program should be further revised to encourage increased oil and gas industry investment. This investment by companies like Gulf can help put people to work - by the thousands - all across Canada.

## There is still time to get the job done.

Progressive steps must be taken to stimulate large job-makers - and soon. Individual programs, like "6 and 5" can help put the brakes on one of our economic woes - inflation. But economic health calls for much more.

A new approach to government/labor/business dialogue is needed to address these problems now, while there is still time and while the memory of past mistakes is still fresh, so that we don't repeat them.

Our ancestors at various intervals in Canada's relatively short history were called upon to shape relevant, innovative policies for the development of our country - and they did.

We believe today's generation of Canadians have the will and the means to do the same.

For more information about Gulf Canada's contribution to the economy, write:

Bob Penner,  
Director - Public Affairs,  
Gulf Canada Limited,  
130 Adelaide Street W.,  
Toronto, Ontario, M5H 1R6



GULF CANADA LIMITED



# Her Enduring Majesty

By Val Haus

As one of the worst storms in living memory battered the California coast last week, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and the Royal Highness Prince Philip were fated to forsake the royal yacht—its basic during a month-long tour of the Americas—for safer waters of inland. Not even rain Britannia could rule the six-metre waves. Still, the pomp and circumstance of the royal road show proceeded with majestic disregard for such minor annoyances. Rain did not drown the ardor of the sudden crowds who turned out to welcome the royal party's arrival in San Diego. Nor was Elizabeth's pleasure visibly dampened in San Francisco by thousands of demonstrators who chanted USA slogans and waved banners.

THE QUEEN OF TURBULENCE wherever she went. The presence of both the royal couple and the U.S. First Family, President Ronald Reagan and his wife, Nancy, meant that the tour was dogged by a security force as thick as numbering 2,000. But throughout it all, the Queen simply showed the married spirit that has built the Empire—or, so Michael Davies, Reagan's deputy chief of staff, put it. "She's a real trooper and a good sport."

Elizabeth has ridden out many storms in her 35-year reign and she has done so with notable aplomb. Judging by the flag-waving, goosebumping and at times giddy welcome she offered in Jamaica, Grand Cayman Island, Mexico, and Liberia—and the ease that greeted her this week in British Columbia—her current tour is no exception. In the case of the 62nd occupant of the throne, the Crown gleams as radiantly as it ever has. When Elizabeth visited her colony of Grand Cayman two weeks ago, a third of the populace turned out to greet her and to cheer as a speaker announced, "We have no desire to change our status." And, in the Royal pageant

rolls through British Columbia, Her Majesty will be equally reassured to find her image still firmly engrained in the local currency and the Crown she personifies inextricably woven into the new Canadian Constitution. Despite a nervous year of palace breakers, a homosexual scandal within her palace staff and a heterosexual scandal within the bosom of her own family (her second son, Prince Andrew, appears to be continuing his controversial liaison with soft-porn starlet Rosalind Wiseman), the Queen herself remains as unshakable as ever. LOS ANGELES OK, a beacon of duty—

work—after she suggested that "Like most Canadians, I am indifferent to the Queen's visit." Last year the Civil Liberties Front displayed her indifference by refusing to curtsy before Her Majesty—and continued appearing on nightly TV—unsmiled and unrepentant.

Canadians are not Elizabeth's only most subjects. As throngs of jostling Jamaicans turned out last month to welcome the Queen, elsewhere in the local press advised the nation that when it finally privatised its constitution from Britain it might well decide against a constitutional monarch on head of state.

In another part of the world, as well, there were more resplendent welcomes, as last Saturday Australia elected a Labor government with a long-standing commitment to downgrading the role of the governor general in government and, ultimately, to turning Australia into a republic (page 10). Although 40 per cent of Australians currently style themselves as loyal supporters of the monarchy, a recent suggestion to install Prince Charles as the governor general was quashed amid howls of outraged nationalists. "Charles is a nice young bloke," commented Australia's new Labor prime minister, Bob Hawke, "but I don't think we will

be talking about him for ever more." Even across the Atlantic, for whom life without the Royals is an unimaginable as a bride game without jacks, queens and kings, recent events have revealed a sharp decay in the quality of the public's allegiance. Nowhere is that clearer than in the press. The worst treatment inflicted upon the Queen herself has probably been on the pages of the satirical fortnightly *Private Eye*, where she is referred to as Brenda—"a demure upper-class housewife living mainly in London" that her first Street her children and their spouses are neither a matter. The coming presentation of the House of Windsor is more common fodder for the *Private Eye* circulation battles of the vulgar press.

Last winter's shenanigans papers



The Britannia off San Diego: the Crown gleams as radiantly as ever



Reagan meeting the royal couple in Santa Barbara, San Francisco demonstration: human fodder for the press



## COVER

scrutinized on their bellies at dawn through a Bohemian jungle to cop shots of a pregnant Diana, Princess of Wales, on her knees. Last December one enterprising photographer pulled on water-tights to disguise his predatory intentions of the Caribbean street of Andrews and the lovelorn Koo. By January palace spokesman Michael Smith was begging about 40 inattentive British newshounds, who had trailed Prince Charles and Princess Diana to Switzerland on their winter six weeks, to leave the couple in peace. Harry Arnould, a seasoned Royal hater with the ditty-titled *The Sun*, only grumbled that "Sly Di" was deficient in her duty as "the world's number 1 cover girl."

But when potential royal potshots became endurable last month was the publication of "memoirs" by a former palace employee, Keaney Kenny. The Queen herself had hired Keaney as a private stockbroker in 1981 after he wrote to her complaining that his 120 other apprentices for work had left him unemployed. Like all palace staff, Keaney signed as oath to uphold the Royal Family's privacy—an oath he cheerfully trampled when he sold *The Sun* a juicy story of "Queen Koal's rump at the Palace." The first instalment, telling of 60 NOT DISTURB signs on Prince Andrew's bedroom door and of the starlet's confident raids on Her Majesty's private chocolate supply, ended with promises of more to come. But, when heavy-breathing Britons poked up the next day's paper expecting to read about "The Dirty Aired Up About His Stomping Duty" and "What Battered Di Blattered My Tummy," they were greeted with an even greater sur-

prise: THE QUEEN SAID THE SILENCE, said the headline. With the leering Queen and Prince Philip's full approval, the Palace slipped a court order on the paper and Kenny.

The next day, for the first time in history, the Palace also applied for damages. In an out-of-court settlement, *The Sun* agreed to pay 14,000 (about \$7,400) to charity, and Kenny was forced to return the £100 said to be his reward for betraying his monarch. But, despite the setback, it may not be long before *The Sun* tries again to shine into the palace's darker corners. Its American-born publisher, Robert Murdoch, known to his detractors as "The Dirty Digger," is convinced that the Queen's fairly self newspapers, and the circulation figures bear him out. The *Sun*, now selling four million copies a day with a format heavy on naughty royal and nude pin-ups, is 800,000 ahead of its closest rival, *Red*, commanding in the "Palace Dallas." Since Margaret of the steel *Coronation* warned: "People may soon get weary of the artificial retirement. What will happen to the monarchy when the rituals fall?"

None of the ritual drama at home was as upsetting to the Queen last week as the turbulent California weather, which forced the royal party to change its travel plans and spend an uncomfortable night in a commercial hotel. As the

The royal couple and First Family at the Reagan's ranch "Palace Diana"

Britannia made its way through the choppy Pacific to calmer waters off Northern California, the Queen flew from Los Angeles to San Francisco. After a flurry of repainting and cleaning jobs, Her Majesty's party was welcomed into the 46-room presidential suite in the city's most luxurious hotel, the St. Francis. The president and his wife were housed into a smaller, five-room suite, ironically named The London. The choice of lodging seemed suitable for the tradition-conscious Windsors, among other things, the 76-year-old hotel is noted for the long-standing practice of "laundering" (dormitory) its guests' money to prevent dirty coins from sulling the white gleam of female guests. Then, in an uncharacteristically spontaneous move, the royal party called a local restaurant, the Nob Hill Traders Vie's, and ordered an appropriate dinner for 60 (ouch! \$10,000 each, British cheese swastons and fortune cookies, which the Reids delicately left un- eaten, though they did slip their fortunes to take home). The chef, Klaus Schitz, inspected the tables after the guests left and was pleased to note that the Queen's plate was clean.

Her appetite apparently was not disturbed by 60 Irish Republican

Stewart and wife, Anne



## COVER

## Charles: ready, willing and able

By Carol Kennedy

Walter Raleigh, the great political theorist of the English renaissance, declared in 1607 that the ideal monarch should be a person "willing to labor, superior to pleasure" who "begins early to reign." He was commenting on the her apparent of the day, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who, beset by circumstances, did not fit any of these modifiers, least of all the last. In fact, he was 40 before he ascended the throne as Edward VII in 1901, and his mother, Queen Victoria, had not even permitted him to see a state paper until he was nearly 50.

Prince Charles, in contrast to his great-great-grandfather, has been

the Queen and the abdication dilemma, "the greatest the reflection and respect she will command among her people. However much she may wish as a woman to seek the public scene, she will grow stronger in her determination as a constitutional monarch that it can never be done." The scenario is plausible because Elizabeth has ruled, as did her parents, with a profound sense of "duty"—the duty her self-independent uncle, Edward VIII, relinquished in 1936 for marriage to the two-faced American, Wallis Simpson. His decision made abdication a dirty word for a generation in the Royal Family.

George VI's widow, the Queen Mother, never forgave the late Duke of Windsor for the abdication. The act pushed her

more than the royal marriage has fallen on turbulent times, that Diana—still only 21 and 14 years younger than her spouse—is barely bound by the routine of being a Royal and has not yet developed the resources to cope with the demands upon Charles' time. Not known as a book reader—her school attainments were modest—she is given to wandering the grounds of Balmoral Castle alone with the symbol of her generation, stereo earphones, clamped to her head.

Diana obviously will need time to mature into her role as Queen-in-waiting—another consideration in the abdication equation. But Charles could still play a more active part in the long-winded war: a Commonwealth governor gen-



Charles and Diana: in the royal family abdication is still a dirty word

eral when that will be—and whether Elizabeth II will step down to expedite the accession—is the great question hanging over the House of Windsor. The Queen, 57 next month, is growingly concerned that Charles should not suffer what she calls "the Edward VII situation." Ten years ago she openly talked to her late uncle about the possibility of abdication in favor of her first son. But then came the Royal Jubilee of 1977. The Queen's apparently was overwhelmed by the evidence of public affection for and approval of the way she had carried out her task for 25 years and began to ponder what Charles' biographer, Anthony Holden, refers to as "admission to Victorian venerability." Charles himself has declared that the Queens had no right to expect the affection of her future subjects. But, despite the birth last June of Prince William, now second in line to the throne, there have been persistent re-

servos, clamoring heaped onto the throne, where the crown possibly contributed to his early death in 1932. Accordingly, if the Queen ever does decide to name her throne, it is unlikely to be in her mother's lifetime: the memories of the crisis of 1936 would be too painful.

Charles' starry wedding to Lady Diana Spencer in the summer of 1981 erased one personal question mark about his future, and it seemed to advance the possibility of Elizabeth's abdication, especially since the new Princess of Wales had so profusely captured the affection of her future subjects. But, despite the birth last June of Prince William, now second in line to the throne, there have been persistent re-

grets that she should have named seven years monotonous during her reign.

Ziegler believed that the ideal formula would be for the Queen to stay on and to hand her crown to a grandson of 20 or so. The Golden Jubilee of 1962 would be a suitable occasion, he suggested. The scenario was written four years before Charles had even married, let alone fathered a son, but Ziegler's time frame proved to be uncannily accurate. In 1982 the Queen will be 76, Charles 46 and William exactly 30. But to most people now, with a prospect—though perhaps "beneficially remote," in the words of the historian A.J.P. Taylor—would surely be a waste of the best-trained apprentice for kingship Britain is ever likely to have.



## COVER

Army sympathizers demonstrating outside the restaurant. Another \$200 gate saved the next day parade in San Francisco de la Virgen Museum while a state dinner was under way inside (AVERAGE HOME SALES CHANCE TO WIN CHANCE RAGS, read our letter placed) But, as Michael Shea commented perceptibly, "Her Majesty is accustomed to demonstrations in Britain." More uncovering for the Queen, who is a renowned stickler for protocol, were the inevitable gaffes perpetrated by bunglers untainted in the mysticism of royal behavior. In San Diego, Deputy Mayor Bill Cleator seemed a royal glare when he actually touched Her Majesty's back as he guided her around a local museum. (Consequently, as any observant watcher knows, do not touch royalty.) Later, as he greeted the royal guests at his man-drenched, mountainous ranch, Reagan stood chatting with reporters until Elizabeth turned abruptly and headed indoors (gentlemen do not keep the Queen waiting in the rain).

Wherever she stopped with California's famed town-sirens, Elizabeth proved the sterling worth of her nepotistically savvy brand of majesty. After the first arrival on U.S. soil, she sported a blue-and-white-patterned suit with matching baroque-style cape. "The sort of rig-out," complained the Daily Mirror's Anne Robinson, "that you always dread your mother would turn up wearing for the school open day." But, as Prof. Henry Stiles Cummings, the United States' most distinguished scholar of British history, told *Metroland*, "In America's eyes, the Queen of England is the world's only super superstar."

The girls' evening that Nancy Reagan threw for Elizabeth in Los Angeles offered further proof that even pizazz was easily eclipsed by authentic blue-blooded dowdiness. The Queen's upholstery—chiffon, streamers with embroidered American popovers—contrasted sharply with the setting's 18th Century Pasadena, filled with 300 live trees and a seven-metre fountain left over from the musical *Melba Dolly*. Hollywood was not above being star-struck. After fierce competition for tickets, some of the 500 shortest stars showed up two hours early. As announced after Glisne Ford's husband "Nobody should be so naive as to think this is just another party. It's not. It's very exciting."

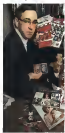
This week, when Her Majesty opens the B.C. Place stadium in Vancouver in front of 30,000 spectators and massed chains of 3,000 schoolchildren, it will be the turn of the Canadians to ponder just why this small, 56-year-old woman retains the fascination she does. Answers come from surprising quarters. Allan Blakey, former New Democratic premier of Saskatchewan and longtime member of the Parliament of Canada, suggests that the "provides us with a bond of state everyone can support, unqualified by political allegiance" (How, when, present, by a reporter to admit that the Queen recently felt more comfortable with com-

Andrew: the Queen receiving flowers in San Diego; the stars turned up early

servatives than socialism, a Palace spokesman post-pooled any suggestion of partnership, sniffing, "All politicians fall roughly in the same social class in her view.") Adams, 50, was broad-brained. "I'm not strongly attached to the institution of the throne—but I think the present occupant fills it with panache."

The present occupant also fills it only by a spark of fate—her uncle Edward VIII's abdication in 1936 to marry the American divorcee Mrs. Wallis Simpson, the woman he loved. At the time, few realized that the throne would be strengthened by the departure of the popular, prying old-guard and the accession of his plodding, religious brother, Elizabeth's father, Prince Albert. "Baron" stammered so badly that Elizabeth remembers he even had trouble making his good-night. The ending went on in private life to display disturbing Nazi sympathies (he even received a widely rumored salute when he met Hitler in 1935). But his brother, crowned as King George VI, and his family endured themselves forever to the English and Allied forces by remaining in Britain at the height of the Blitz. "I am glad we have been bombed," remarked his wife, the

Baroness parache



"Queen Mother" Elizabeth, after two bombs exploded in the Buckingham Palace courtyard in September, 1940. "Now we can look the East End of London in the face."

As for Princess Elizabeth, she gave her first radio broadcast in 1940, at the age of 14, to comfort evacuated children in talks courage. By war's end she was a sub-lieutenant in the reserves, leaving reluctant maintenance. "For my generation," states Canada's Solicitor General Bob Kaplan, "her part in the war is a very strong dimension of the monarchy's debt to Canada. But now its relevance has to be based on something different—her virtue, the sense of continuity she brings her professionalism."

In 1982 that professionalism demanded that she keep 115 official state visits, great 45 minutes and make small talk at 70 receptions, including state arrangements and three state meals in Canada. At each event, her remarkable memory is aided by a carefully researched slip sheet, which she carries in her handbag. Landing the list of state subjects on her current trip was the dreadful weather. Among the topics ruled out, at least as far as she was concerned, was whether she had ever visited the state's northwest. "No, I have not," she snapped loudly to an American reporter who dared to ask the question.

But by most accounts she is well practiced at putting people at ease, at least in more intimate settings, and she has even been known to ask her nervous personal assistants, "Will this be with teeth or without?" Californians attending last week's gala were astonished to see the stately of protocol had only to consult a surprise British rock star Rod Stewart. Sitting confidently in formal leathers at the head table, he expounded on the art of conversation with Her Majesty's guests to Sir. "You shouldn't put on any acts when speaking to her, because she's heard them all," he declared.

But, despite Elizabeth's dogged and repetitive social life, the question of whether or not the Royal Family is "good value" has been posed with increasing frequency in the latter years of her reign. And, though a few Labour MPs, led by anti-royalist Willie Whitelaw, remain unconvinced (Hartwell has referred to Princess Margaret as "that expensive kept woman"), the answer, at least in the case of Elizabeth, seems to be yes. In 1984, the British Parliament voted the Royal Family expenses of \$72 million, an amount comparable to Pro-

vider and Canada's annual expenditure on promoting two of its soap products in the United Kingdom. In return, the British retained a major tourist attraction. Tourist revenues shot up \$500 million in the year of the Queen's Silver Jubilee. Elizabeth has also been an undeniable asset in the promotion of British trade. And during her current tour U.S. businessmen discovered what a useful promoter she could be, as a Los Angeles retail chain reported sales rising 10% after the Queen's visit. In California, the British Embassy reported a 10% increase in sales.

There was only a modest touch of commemoration in the days before the royal tour's arrival in British Columbia.



The Queen on parade: a tip sheet of acceptable topics

Local stories were offering: Union Jacks, topped with royal crests and "Lady Di" balloons. But for most Canadians who value the monarchy the benefit it produces have little to do with such Canada contributions nothing to Her Majesty's expenses, although the budget for her representative in Canada, the governor general, currently runs at \$14.8 million. Nor do Canadians care in terms of trade or tourism. To lay claim, such as the 12,000 members of the Macdonald League, its value lies chiefly in tradition, symbol and image. The monarchy's dignitaries are headquartered in a modest North Toronto office, behind signs announcing a devoted, a partly planning office and royal

MANAGEMENT FOR SALE. PROCEEDINGS WILL BECOME. The league's latest has some 140 years ago when its outraged response to the original constitution (provisions left, 1744, was at least partially responsible for reforming the Crown's power over Canadian Confederation. "Now it would take a revolution," writes league Chairman Arthur Bland, "or at least the unanimous consent of the provinces to change that."

The essence of the institution, as the league keeps saying, is democracy. In its second, *Macdonald's Canadian* (circulation 12,000, with 200 U.S. readers), mentions reluctantly, royal birthdays go uncelebrated, protocol regarding the governor general's correct role is feebly or abandoned in the absence of Richard Coeur, The Toronto Star's Deputy columnist. "Canadian has been extraordinarily lucky to claim a little of the ceremony for ourselves but I can't see it lasting a lot longer than a few years."

It has been the peculiar and difficult fate of Elizabeth to provide, with grace and regret (according to her biographers) but with public grace, over the devolution of the Crown to its worldwide dominion. (Observers her biographers, Edward Rieu, in his study, *Magnity*.) Her subjects ever become unhappy with her or with the system she represents, then she could have no doubt as to where her duty lay. "Well, go quietly in one of the royal cars," her response would be nothing but the logical continuation of her empire life."

In the midst of last week's California storms, I took the royal party four different vehicles to reach the Rosemead airport ranch for a Moroccan-style lunch—a battered may have which seemed almost ready to be abandoned, as a

1974 pickup, a Ford and finally a four-wheel drive vehicle which was a 11 km mountain road washed out by no fewer than six streams. Local police who had declared the route impassable predicted that the little party would never reach the top. But two hours later the Queen and Prince Philip were sharing a meal and relaxing with the dozen child president and his wife. According to a tour spokesman, it was simply a matter of doing one's royal duty. "Her Majesty didn't want to disappoint anyone."

With Michael Gwynn at the royal tour, David Kennedy and Douglas Arrol in London, William Lawton in Washington, Philip Stewart in Sydney and John Freeman in Vancouver.

# Ottawa's governor of generality

By John Harg

In its rituals and protocols, the office of Governor General is arguably the most venerable political institution in Canada—sanctified by its residence and unchanged by events. Its stability amidst so much change is a comfort, as if the titled Britishers who once held office left their staffed shrines in the cloister of Rideau Hall for the use of their Canadian-born successors. As recently as 1954, the quiet colonial tone was reinforced in a small official handbook written for officials and future appointees by the Governor General's secretary of the day, Alan Lascelles. After dealing with the household budget, proper dress and the conduct of five railway passes, Lascelles offered advice on sports. Some of the world's best salmon fishing is at hand in Canada, he wrote, and "the fox is still hunted near Montreal and Toronto." But, he warned, "the climate is hard on grass—cheap, or old, guns should be brought if possible." The next paragraph is more reassuring: "British-born children thrive in Canada."

If this upper-class mannerism have survived intact along with the facade at Rideau Hall, the power now wielded by Gov. Gen. Ed Schreyer remains unaltered, not as it was under the first Governor General at Confederation, Vincent Massey. The British North America Act (now called the Constitution Act) provides immense authority to the Governor General, some of which has ever been exercised. On paper, he can hire and fire ministers, dissolve Parliament, veto bills or refuse a prime minister's request for a general election. In practice, he almost always does exactly—and only—a prime minister's bidding.

The Governor General's paper power was theoretically expanded in 1947, when King George VI issued Letters Patent delegating to the Governor General "all powers and authorities belonging to Us in respect of Canada." In effect, the only royal power remaining with the monarch in Britain is the appointment (on the advice of the Cana-

dian prime minister) of her Canadian representative. Among scholars, however, there is general agreement that a governor general would reject a prime minister's advice only in the gravest constitutional crisis—of one.

Jean Malouin, professor emerita at McGill University, for one, doubts that a Canadian governor general would emulate Australian Gov. Gen. Sir John Kerr, who dismissed Prime Minister Gough Whitlam's Labour government in 1975 to break a parliamentary deadlock. (Kerr's action appeared politically

sound, but was widely criticized.) Schreyer, by most accounts, has not found his ambiguous role fully satisfying since becoming the 24th Canadian-born Governor General in January, 1979. He still leads his half-hour audience with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau nearly every Wednesday at 5:30 p.m., watches some of the cabinet paper flow and keeps briefed on the prime minister's plans. And every three months he routinely writes the Queen on the state of her Canadian domain, reviewing economic developments, elections and parliamentary debates. But most of his working hours are spent in ceremony and travelling. And for a man who was a Manitoba MLA at 22, provincial premier at 33 and is now 47, the role does not consume all his energies.

A governor general's term usually lasts about five years, and Schreyer will leave next year, says a friend, "with alacrity." Being Governor General is almost by definition a boring job. But, as Jackson says, "Somebody has to perform the role of head of state." In countries where the head of government is also the head of state, the result can be both burdensome and silly—a fact that is evident when an American president is seen posing with a Thanksgiving turkey or giving out an Easter egg race. There may also be some benefit in the prime minister's having at least one disinterested and informed confidant who can discuss affairs of state with no obvious motives. Still, Schreyer would like one candidate to resign the position. They did not. So he offers simply by ordering his butler to throw out the stuffed



Schreyer and wife, Lily: the power remains ambiguous

violinists weeks later when his newly appointed prime minister, Malcolm Fraser, called and won an election.) In the only comparable Canadian case, Gov. Gen. Lord King in 1936 refused Maclean's request for a dissolution and election and asked Arthur Meighen to form a government instead. The Meighen government promptly collapsed, and King won the ensuing election by campaigning against King's action.

Still, a prime minister cannot always count on automatic vote-rigged approval. When Clark's government fell in December 1986, the prime minister asked for a dissolution the next morning. Schreyer spent about 10 minutes dis-

cussing various options with Clark and only granted the dissolution and election during a later telephone call. Indeed, Prof. John Sagwell of the University of Toronto maintains that the Governor General can still be the "ultimate arbiter" against illegal or grossly improper acts by the prime minister and cabinet. In the main, however, Canadian University Prof. Robert Jackson believes that the Governor General's power only leads, paradoxically, as long as he does not use it.

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## PEOPLE

North American who remember English actress and comedienne Sally Thomsett at all do so far her role as the seductive temptress in the 1973 *Sex Pantomime* film, *Straw Dogs*, or as the dirty blonde who set the pace for *Barbarella* in *Man About the House* in the original British version of *Thelma & Louise*. But Thomsett and her producer-husband, Glenn Feldman, hope that her profile will get a boost this month when the old "Briar" will be re-aired on the United States. Next September they hope to launch an evening talk on U.S. radio, *Sally in America*. In an segment of the new television show, Thomsett acts as an observer of such Americans as a Hollywood gathering where "all the loons show up together." In addition to a psychographic profile actor who travels offered with a guidebook named *Wahwah*, there is also a mad psychiatrist and a fledgling actor posing as a corpse in the swimming pool to attract the attention of a film director. Is it in any way indicative of a real West Coast life? "I hope not," says Thomsett, who moved from London to Beverly Hills 10 months ago. If *Sally in America* sounds a little bizarre, it may well be. But these two women living with one man seem a little strange when it first aired in England 16 years ago.

Can a monologue about a father's love for his retarded, overweight child lead to a strange one about the French laundress? Yes. *Barbarella*, Quebec's most successful 1967 stand-up comedian, has made himself that question when he walked onto the stage at the Théâtre de la Ville in Paris last week to begin a 10-day run. Always a bar office regular, he came late. Deschamps was giving his first show in France, and the 3,000-seat theatre was only half-full. The perky 41-year-old Montreéal speeded his one-hour set by braving the audience on how to laugh, applaud and give a standing ovation. He stood not have bothered. The characters Deschamps created in his sketches were simple folk who, while oscillating between innocence and stupidity, were meant to convey more by being good than by being bad. They did not do as well as Perrenne, whose national radio of his own *Monsieur Inqui* or clever puns rather than pathos. By the final sketch,



English actress Sally Thomsett, from *clay to stone*

Lo Perrenne, only a few embarrassed giggles could be heard in the hall. Afterward, comments describing the show ranged from "very strange" and "interesting" to "ridiculous." Deschamps was untroubled. "My brand of humor takes getting used to," he said. "Besides, it could



Da Lennan and wife, Christine, keeping up appearances

have been worse. They could have thrown stones at me."

When Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's ministerial list from 1980, he favors, they do not date away—they just get expatriated. In Stewart, the

former deputy minister of Finance, was wisely concerned as the minister of *Allen MacKenzie* in November, 1981, budget. Less than a year after that infamous document's taxonomic reorganization, Stewart, like MacKenzie, dropped from the lofty heights of Finance. While his former boss went on to External Affairs, Stewart disappeared from view to seek, in his words, "personal and intellectual renewal." But the Rhodes Scholar's sequester was earned by controversy when it was revealed last month that he was still collecting his former \$100,000-a-year salary. His wife, Gail, quickly came to his defense. Stewart was "retiring" to a well-served holiday with pay, like millions of Canadians do, she said indignantly. Now, after four months off, the rejuvenated 51-year-old public servant is back in the harness. May he see senior adviser to the secretary of the economic development, "I am sitting here, looking at the staff the system is producing and trying to be helpful," he explains. One of his first duties will be to advise the government on the role of the senior adviser, a position vacant since May in Williamsburg, Va. And he stresses that his new job "has no relation to the upcoming budget whatsoever."

John de Lennan, the former Detroit sportswear who got married in 1978, or resembles the Bruckins in more ways than one, has proclaimed himself innocent of the FBI's charges that he trafficked in 100 fifties of cocaine last October to start his dry-cleaning company. "I didn't put up any money," he says. "I didn't have any money to put up." But, despite the failure of De Lennan Motor Co., there is still enough money left in the family coffers to handily make his wife, Christine, a first-class first-class. The former cover girl has ordered 15 outfits suitable for courtroom wear from New York designer *Alfred Capria*, each costing between \$200 and \$300. The line is "as simple and understated as possible," says Capria. "I don't see anything appearing in *Women Wear Daily*."

When she discovered that Christine was "devastated," according to her literary agent, Al Lennan. She "did not want to make a mistake out of John's trial," he added. Perhaps, in that event, she would have the risk would have suited madman better.

—EDITED BY BARBARA BRONSON

# OPEC's ordeal and Canada's dilemma

By Ian Anderson

Canadian governments are now extracting more profit from a barrel of oil than most OPEC nations. And that fact alone explained Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's ambivalent attitude last week about the possibility of cutting petroleum prices. As a result, when members of the once-fused cartel gathered in London in a bid to orchestrate a global oil truce, Trudeau was clearly reluctant to prevent Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed from wringing free of the province's 1981 pricing agreement with Ottawa. And Canadian consumers probably will not share the blessings from OPEC's troubles. The premier and the prime minister had good reason to link arms. With OPEC contemplating a 15-cent barrel cut, the cost to the federal treasury could run into the billions. Trudeau's dilemma brought sharply into focus the fact that two-thirds of every dollar that Canadians pay at the gas pump ends up in federal and provincial coffers.

The problem of oil remains paramount on the world stage, dominating every facet of world economies last week. With the exception of Venezuela, each of the OPEC 13 seemed more ready to defend the common good than face the signs of competition pricing. Nigeria, the member that triggered the first round of price cuts, rejected the OPEC bid for its London meetings last week. And Mexico, a sitting non-OPEC oil producer, signalled its readiness to abandon its pricing and production with the other 12—a move expected for OPEC mastermind Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani of Saudi Arabia. Yamani has preached short-term pain for long-term gain to OPEC since the cartel's January meeting, when it failed to agree on pricing and production quotas.

Whether Yamani's message will be heeded by his colleagues remains unclear. But the chief's philosophy contrasts with that of Canadian leaders. As he emerged from a Sussex Drive hatch with Trudeau last week, Lougheed declared that there will be no reduction in Canadian oil prices even if they surpass the established ceiling of 15 per cent of the world price. That ceiling applied only to "higher and upward rising prices," Lougheed argued. "There was not a reorientation of that world price," he said. "There was a downward-priced market." For his part, Trudeau closed his remarks for another fight with Alberta. "It is an honest disagreement on the



Nigerian oil operations. Canadians will not share the blessings of OPEC's troubles.

reversing of the agreement," he told the Commons.

There is no immediate pressure on Trudeau to change his position, because prices in Canada cannot be adjusted before the agreement's next review date, July 1. There is no indication, however, that Canada's and OPEC's price problems will go away. The Ottawa-Alberta agreement states that prices "will not exceed 15 per cent of the actual international price of oil." That applies to so-called "old oil" found before 1981, which accounts for about three-quarters of Canadian oil production. (The balance is at or near the world price now.) Lougheed's defiance is based on the fact that there is no specific provision within the government's for a roll-

back of the Canadian price when international prices fall. And an addendum attached to the agreement actually states that should the oil oil price exceed the 15-per-cent ceiling, "there will be no further roll-back—but no further increases will be implemented."

According to senior federal officials, the energy department did not refine the immutability until it was published in *The Vancouver Sun* soon after the signing. Marc Lalonde, energy minister at the time, immediately telephoned his Alberta counterpart, then Herb Letch, and the pair agreed that the "spirit" of the agreement demanded that the oiling world, in fact, be respected at all times. Lalonde sent a draft letter to Robertson for Letch to sign and, in the



Lougheed with Trudeau. Alberta insists that price cuts were not part of the bargain.

interim, he issued a press release on Sept. 18 titled "Canada-Alberta memorandum of agreement, oil prices." The release stated the 15-per-cent ceiling was irrevocable and that the release had been "issued with the concurrence" of Letch. The matter ended there. The press release was the only document on the public record. Letch never returned the draft letter. And Ottawa forgot about it.

Lougheed now argues that he was unaware of the press release, and even if he had known of it, no change to the agreement could have been made without his personal signature. The oversight may suit the consumer desire. The price for a barrel of Canadian oil now stands at \$29.75. If OPEC cuts its price to \$29 (11.8), the effective landing price in Montreal for a barrel of oil would be about \$27 in Canadian funds (after transportation costs and currency exchange). In that case, in part, the 15-per-cent ceiling, the Canadian price would have to drop by about \$2.

For the consumer, such a cut would knock about two cents a litre off the pump price of gasoline. But for government the effect would be striking. Federal government revenue would be slashed by about \$900 million a year. In addition, Canadian natural gas exports to the United States would be further overpriced. James Hansen, a Boston energy consultant, estimates that Canada's natural gas is already overpriced by about \$1.56 per thousand cubic feet and may be further above market value after OPEC meets its differences. To reduce that \$1.56 excess would cost Ottawa annually about \$275 million and

the producing provinces about \$900 million. If cheaper prices did not help sell more gas—and already U.S. utilities are buying only half the gas that Canada has offered for export.

Still, Canadian consumers have good reason to be angry, according to Judy Williams of the Petroleum Resources Communications Foundation. The industry-sponsored foundation calculates that the private sector—from exploration to company to gas station owner—is getting only 18 to 25 cents from every litre of gasoline sold in Canada. The tax

Premier preaching short-term pain



take of federal and provincial governments ranges from 55 per cent of the pump price in Saskatchewan to 68 per cent in Quebec. Williams estimates that out of an average Alberta price of 51.5 cents on March 1, governments took back 35.8 cents in taxes. My comparison, the average U.S. tax on gasoline, in Canadian funds, was about 14 cents a litre in 1980.

With their squads of Harvard-trained economists, the OPEC nations remain acutely aware of the economic laws of supply and demand. The Saudis want to bring prices down a modest 10¢ to help spur economic recovery and a subsequent pickup in demand later this year. But internal politics have a tendency to override economic reasoning. The Algerians, like the British, face an election this year, and the government of President Shariq Shariq has been harshly criticized by opposition politicians for leaning to the OPEC line while its oil exports slowed to a trickle. Nigeria's development plan was predicated on an export price of \$40 a barrel, just as Canada's 1981 pricing agreement was based on the expectation that prices would increase steadily to \$35.50 this year and to \$45 in 1984. Ottawa initially predicted that its take from the five-year period would total \$14 billion. The current estimate is \$22 billion. In Alberta, the government miscalculated a \$24-billion deficit in the past fiscal year, and contributions to the \$43-billion Heritage Fund have been sliced from 30 per cent of total proceeds from non-renewable resources to 15 per cent.

Premier Lougheed argued last week that predictions of rising prices led to the 1981 agreement. "I have yet to find an expert who saw it any other way," he added. The premier argues, however, that if Alberta oil should be priced at the current level because it is a non-renewable resource. That price, he says, should be the world price. And while eastern refineries may suffer the higher costs and be forced to close, as Imperial Oil Ltd. did in Montreal last week, Alberta's burgeoning petroleum industry is protected by the province's strengthened national gas price.

The greatest irony is that OPEC's problems are Canada's problems—difficulties compounded by the conventional marketing of town oil. Gasoline prices kept artificially low for a decade. In Canadian news travelling for their gasoline to Borneo, Wauke, and Colaba, Mr. there is little solace in the thought of sharing the same problems with the Nigerians and Venezuelans. The fact remains that Canada's dilemma is clearly a creation of its revenue-hungry government.

With Chris Boggess in London, Steve McDonald in Paris, Michael Palmer in Washington and Peter Gorman in Edmonton.



Architectural splendor in Brazil. Pignatelli (below): the debt despatch

## Brazil borrows time and relief

**A**nxiety and Lent arrived in Brazil at roughly the same time this year. Just four days after March 15, the climax of the country's week-long pre-Lenten carnival, the government announced Brazil's return with an abrupt 38-per-cent devaluation of the nation's currency, the cruzeiro, against the U.S. dollar. Suddenly Brazilian firms with large foreign loans to finance faced bankruptcy. At the same time, consumers braced for another year of consumer inflation—already running at 305 per cent—and falling living standards. The devaluation did please Brazil's foreign lenders and the International Monetary Fund, which last week approved a \$5.9-billion (U.S.) aid package for the nation. But there are growing fears that Brazil will fail to meet the ambitious financial targets imposed by the lenders and perhaps eventually be forced to the brink of default.

The surprise devaluation followed months of assurances from the government of Gen. João Figueiredo that the currency change would not be necessary. But the devaluation may be only the first of what could prove to be a series of severe sacrifices. After nearly three decades of rapid growth the Brazilian economy "miracle" is foundering. Awash in the nation's largest foreign debt (nearly \$60 billion), the government is squeezing the nation's econ-

omy desperately to satisfy creditors. Immediately after the currency shift, Brazil, its foreign bankers and the IMF managed to hammer out the largest financial "rescue" program ever arranged for a Third World country. In an accord signed on Feb. 15 in New York's posh Plaza Hotel, more than 100 banks agreed to advance Brazil \$4.4 billion (U.S.) in new loans this year. At the same time, they converted more than \$4 billion of debt repayments due in 1983 into long-term loans. Then, the IMF approved its largest rescue package ever—\$5.9 billion to be disbursed to Brazil by 1988. In all, the financial aid totaled a staggering \$14.3 billion.

But the price that Brazil has to pay for its temporary liquidity is high. The entire loan package depends on the country's ability to meet an immense, difficult series of targets. The government will have to cut the nation's internal budget and its credit system drastically. It will also have to achieve large external trade surpluses to earn foreign

exchange for debt repayments. To that end, Brazil's economic czar, Planning Minister Antonio Delfino Netto, has declared that he will try to boost the country's trade surplus from \$800 million in 1982 to roughly \$6 billion this year—a startling rise even when the falling price of oil exports is taken into account.

At home, meanwhile, Brazil is slashing state spending, especially on the government-owned industries. The government is also pouring spending on social programs and on wage increases. These cuts will hurt the country's lower-middle and working classes most. But almost all Brazilians stand to suffer as a result of the nation's dramatic swing from decades of world-leading growth to prolonged recession. And Luis Bulaes Basso Veloso, president of São Paulo state's Federation of Industries, predicted a wave of bankruptcies unless the government grants special aid to stricken firms.

But assistance on a large scale seems unlikely. For one thing, despite the overseas releases of cash promised in recent weeks, Brazil's short-term money problems are still acute. Shortly after securing last week's IMF commitment, Brazil was forced to ask its foreign bankers to grant it also more money to repay \$2.2 billion which it had borrowed in December. The country is also seeking a \$0.3-billion extension on a \$1.5-billion loan granted by the Bank for International Settlements, in Basel. Brazil's also hopes to convince the U.S. Federal Reserve Board to stretch out a similar "bridge" loan made during last year's cash crisis. Like a debt-strapped consumer who uses credit cards to pay the charges on another, the country is assuring short-term lenders that their payments will soon be covered by the longer-term loans secured last week.

Whether the combination of debt-juggling and forced austerity will actually work for Brazil will become clear within the next few months. "We have time to work and April or May we will see how the trade balance is going," Delfino Netto said last week. If devaluation has not bought Brazil's trade surplus up to the IMF targets by then, the entire massive debt-restructuring program may crumble. And a collapse so that trade would threaten the entire international debt structure.

—JAMES PLEWING in Toronto, and correspondents' reports



## The recovery takes shape

**W**hile House officials reared with exuberance, doubting economists declared themselves true believers, and the stock market surged upward in an outpouring of relief last week, pundits celebrated a commerce department report that the index of leading economic indicators rose by an impressive 3.8 per cent in January, the largest monthly gain since 1980. This optimism, said Martin Feldstein, chairman of the president's Council of Economic Advisors, was a clear signal of the "beginning of the Reagan recovery." And President Ronald Reagan agreed. He described the figures as "compelling new evidence that the U.S. economy is rapidly getting stronger."

Secretary of Commerce Malcolm Baldrige was more cautious. He warned that the upturn may not signal a coming economic boom, particularly because it was fuelled in part by increased economic activity due to seasonally mild weather conditions. Feldstein reasoned that the turnaround could be abated by the swelling U.S. budget deficit (\$208 billion in fiscal 1984) or by a too-rapid expansion of the money supply, which could spark inflation. Still, the figures provided welcome confirmation of the recovery's birth.

For Canada, too, ominously to the United States as its largest trading partner, the development was particularly welcome. Frank Hines, an economist with Toronto-based Maffei Young Wer Ltd., termed it "a very strong sign, typical of a delicate turnaround in the economy." Similarly, Jim Gertz, vice-president and economic adviser at the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, declared that the U.S. economy is "really on the recovery path." Already, he added, that upturn is carrying over into Canada.

Gertz's audience is tempered with restraint. But he argues that the recovery is "just about beginning in Canada and may already be under way." Even Statistics Canada agrees. In its latest month's federal survey announced that its basket of leading economic indicators rose for the second consecutive month last November. That, said the agency, was the strongest evidence so far that a recovery is taking shape.

The reasons behind the upturn are clear. For one thing, interest rates have fallen—last week the bank rate stood at 9.25 per cent, the lowest level since 1979. For another, the latest 12-month climb in the consumer price index was 9.3 per cent, the smallest increase in more than three years. As a result, consumer spending, which accounts for 60 per cent of the gross national product, is picking up. Sales of cars, houses, furni-

ture and appliances are increasing, spurred by the post-up spending power in the economy. But economists are cautioned that, because unemployment will likely remain at the 13-per-cent range throughout the year, consumer demand will not surge enough to lift the economy back on its feet. If consumer demand does not materialize, the recovery may falter, because that is the only type of spending likely to take place soon. Statistics Canada predicts that in-

vestment in plants and equipment by Canadian corporations will actually fall by 4.9 per cent this year, after dropping four per cent in 1982.

Because of the uncertainties, most experts now forecast a growth rate for the economy of between one and three per cent for the rest of the year. Even that expansion, however, will be a welcome surprise from an 18-month recession that saw the economy shrink by 4.6 per cent—the worst contraction among industrialized nations—and an estimated 600,000 Canadians lose their jobs. —JAMES PLEWING in Toronto.



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# A grand finale to a troubled season

By Andy Shaw

**I**t took six long years, but on Saturday of the first women's World Cup race ever held in Canada, home-grown Laurie Graham could finally look back on a month's toil and exclaim, "I did it." The ever-miling 32-year-old had "looked all the way" down the season's longest course, hastily prepared at Mount Tremblant, Que. (due to lack of snow at the original Mont Ste. Anne site), for her first World Cup visit. "There are so many factors in downhill racing," Graham said after the race that vaulted her into fifth place in the final overall standings. "They just all come together for me today." For teammate Gerry Sorensen, who had won all five of the week's training runs, it all came apart. The first down the mountain, Sorensen finished 39th.

As the women's team celebrated the happy conclusion to the season, the men's team was shrouded in fog and retrieving in Aspen, Colo. A blizzard of rain and snow postponed the second last race of the season (the finals will run this week at Lake Louise) and the controversy too (raged) with Steve Podkowski, Ken Read and Todd Brooker still in the hunt for the World Cup crown that Podkowski won last season, the team members were killed \$2,000 each last week by the Canadian Ski Association to cover the team's budget deficit. If that was not enough to upset the skiers, coach John Ebbett announced that he was leaving the team after the Lake Louise race. At week's end, while the men's team clearly still had enough ground to cover in mountain slopes and in meetings, the women could only reflect on the trials of their season.

When Canada's women skiers left for Europe in December the prospects had never been brighter for the national team in its 16 years of the Cup downhill racing. Canada had three racers who would start in the first seed—that favored group of 15 that was almost ever new Sorensen, 24, winner of two World Cup races and the World Championship in 1983, was ranked as the world's number 1 downhill by the International Ski Federation (FIS). Graham ranked 16th, Dianna Lebedev, 22, the most naturally talented of the three, was ranked 18th, belated Diana (Debbie) Haght, Canada's first-ever Europa Cup winner, at age 18 considered to be the nation's future star. But by the time they returned



Graham victorious: As the women celebrated, the men were shrouded in controversy.

home after seven races to prepare for last Saturday's event, the women were gone. Haght had broken a leg in the first race, then Lebedev dislocated a hip in the third. Sorensen and Graham were useless. Injuries, then, storms, sickness and a spate of short courses had conspired to curtail their promise. "It seemed as if we were always waiting for winter to begin," said Graham. The season opened in Val d'Isère, France, with a sixth-place finish for Graham. Sorensen was fourth and apparently on target to accomplish her season-long goal of consistently finishing in the top five. The second downhill was moved from Pinzinoval, Italy, to San Siro because of the lack of snow. Graham, strong overall condition, had the entire first seed beaten and the race was until the suspense out. Later, France's Caroline Attia took advantage of better visibility to win. Graham was 14th, Sorensen, 26th.

After Christmas lower-altitude reports in Europe were devoid of snow. The Pfaffen, West Germany, race was switched to Schruns, Austria, where it was twinned with a previously scheduled downhill. Switzerland's Doris De Agostini, dubbed "Spider" for her

wide-and-leggy-skier style, won her second downhill of the season. Graham was fourth, and Sorensen, fifth, although she would likely have placed higher but for Lebedev's fall the day before in training. Sorensen was the only one to see Lebedev loaded, screaming, onto a helicopter.

With a 131-m accident at Schruns, the race was replaced the following weekend by a second downhill in Megève, France. Sorensen was seventh the first day and a depressing 25th the second. Stagnant, however, Graham was fifth and took in Les Evénements, Switzerland, at the end of January, eventual women's champion De Agostini was her third race.

Yet the women's annual odyssey was, in part, worth the trek. As many as half of this year's first seed will be pushed out by newcomers, but certainly not Sorensen and Graham. Andrea Bedard, a 20-year-old 38-year-old member of the training squad from Sutton, Que., won an FIS slalom race. And Karis Strömstedt, 19, finished a respectable sixth at Mont Tremblant. Graham's win Saturday renewed the team hope for another year of bright prospects.

With Ken Lebedev of Mount Tremblant.

## Solo yachtsmen and the cruel sea

By Richard Reynolds

**N**o ship had sailed around the world until the remnants of Magellan's first fleet sailed 49 years in 1522. Circumnavigation has remained one of the ultimate tests of man and boat, particularly for sailors who attempt the mission single-handedly.

Last Saturday one such worthy sailor, Philippe Jeantot, sailed into the de Janeiro ahead of the eight remaining yachts in the 1987 Group-1-only Brest-to-Guyana Cup Challenge. The 40-year-old, "round the world" sailor had last Sept. 25 when 56 hours left Newport, N.J. Since then the race has endured a heavy toll on the sailors and their ships. Some entrants dropped out before they lost sight of land, while two others only returned after their hosts took.

The 43,500-km course is perhaps the most demanding test of boat and skipper ever devised. The race is for two classes of boats—up to 12 m in length, and those 12 to 17 m—and is divided into four legs. The first was from Newport to Cape Town, South Africa. The second took the skippers through the

southern coastline from Cape Town to Sydney, Australia. The leg from Sydney to Rio de Janeiro was the most demanding. It involves rounding Cape Horn in one of the most treacherous seas in the world. The last leg will return the boats to Newport sometime in mid-May. These skippers lucky enough to make it to Rio will be arriving throughout the month for a few weeks of well-earned rest and overhauls of their vessels.

Robert Knox Johnson, the first man to sail around the world nonstop single-handedly, and the 1800 race chairman, described the Challenge. "Only someone who has seen the southern coast, sometimes known as the 'Baring Porties,' where so land, interrupt the movement of the waves right around the world and the nearest land is Antarctica, will have any idea of what these yachtsmen have to face. The waves can reach as high as 150 feet and, much more dangerous, they can develop into vertical walls. When this happens, they look some what like the ships on London's Oxford Street coming toward you, bringing visions of mortality to the most Godly."

The collection of boats and skippers who entered the race is varied. The participants include a Japanese cat driver, a Czechoslovakian defender, a French businessman, an American oceanographer, and a New Zealand dog sled

driver-turned-skipper. The yachts include Japan's custom-built \$250,000 17-m Oriskany. At the other end of the fleet is the 11.5-m Itasca II sailed by former New Zealand Guy Berriman.

Although the entrants have been relatively free of injury, the boats have taken a beating. New Zealander Richard Mellett's City of Dunedin ran aground on Rapa Pukia Island last week and he had to be rescued by the British government. After repairs he hopes to repair the race. Jeanot's Oriskany suffered engine damage and he was advised to slow his pace or risk losing his ladder before reaching Rio. High seas and winds have wrecked many of the boats' masts into the water, and some have lost their 380 gallons in the Indian Ocean. Tony Lash abandoned his Lady Pepperell after his mast came off.

After the stoppage in Rio the remaining boats will set sail on April 19 for the 4,500-km journey to Newport, Bristol, 30. It has an impressive lead of 11 days of elapsed time over its closest challenger in his class and will probably cross the line first in Newport and collect \$35,000 of the \$100,000 total prize money. Class II boats, however, remain very competitive, and any one of three can win. Whoever wins, all who have found the most difficult challenge the ocean have to offer. Survival alone will be a consolation. ☐



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Ford's Probe IV: when we looked the first Probe, we saw the angles of 88 in p/h, and suddenly there was a silence—"It was over"

## DESIGN

# Designing a stylish recovery in Detroit

By Victor Paddy

They are low to the ground, and their aerodynamic contours are as rounded as a roulette ball. Their front ends sweep back in an aerodynamically perfect line. The traditional chassis and other decoration have been stripped away. Inside, bracketing the steering wheel, there is a curve of glowing crystals that constantly sends the machine's health and reports with a soothing electronic voice of a dose is left ajar. The vehicles carry gaudy high-tech status such as Aero, Probe and XC-1. They are the new "concept cars," and recently, at automobile shows around North America, curious consumers have been striding about in silent trains to glimpse the auto industry's vision of the near future. The hand-built vehicles are prototypes, but their design ideas are already beginning to appear on assembly lines. They bear no resemblance to the box-like advertising giveaways of the past. Indeed, for the beleaguered North American car industry they are a deadly serious laboratory designed to find a cure for the weakness that is plaguing Detroit.

The current crop of experimental cars depends heavily on advancements in aerodynamic styling, designed to decrease wind resistance, and on electronic gadgetry—largely to lull the

buyer. The sleek Probe IV built by Ford, for one, is dramatically contoured and bullet-shaped. And Honda's Quarter concept car gleams, among other things, the traditional car key with a laser beam that opens the door. At the Toronto Automobile Show last month consumers like Toronto marketing executive Hamilton Hutchinson approved of the silver wedge-shaped Aero X con-

**With imported cars snapping at its heels, Detroit is fighting back with sleek styling and futuristic electronics**

cept car from General Motors. "If that car was on the market right now, it would find a lot of buyers," he said. "It looks like a car with money and style." That is an impression that Detroit desperately needs to reinforce.

To that end, recent General Motors ads claim that "At GM our products are changing. So is our thinking." They reflect a new chastened mood arising from fears that the North American car business may become a "honest industry," overruled by more economically rational offshore competitors. Detroit

has little margin for error. Says Martin Anderson, executive officer of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Future of the Auto study: "The last thing these companies can afford is another Silex."

Certainly, Detroit has had a history of missteps. The most recent and potentially most disastrous was the industry's failure to respond to the realities of the 1970-71 world oil-price shock that resulted in fuel-efficient, stylishly designed offshore autos shaking into the North American market. Donald Knapp, Ford's vice-president of design, says the United States' shortcomings "went all in lark" in the last half of the 1970s. When Detroit did begin to move, it concentrated on engineering fuel-efficient smaller engines. But the small, sport cars that were powered by them were derisively dismissed as "orange-bloss" by the media and consumers alike.

Now, Detroit has rediscovered style. Before 1975 GM had only two advanced design studios, that in Los Angeles. The new concept car emphasizes an increasing infatuation with "drag coefficient"—the ease with which the futuristic aerodynamic cars slip through the air. Ford's sleek Probe series of design cars boasts the world's best coefficient of drag. The shape was sculpted after hours of wind-tunnel tests. The result-

ing design not only boasts fuel economy and provides a quieter ride but it also gives the car a dramatic and vaguely European look. Ford's Knapp recalls the instant when he realized that Ford was on the right course. "When we looked the first Probe in 1979," he says, "we cut the engine at 85 mph and suddenly there was silence—it was over."

All North American car companies are experimenting with similar concepts, but so far only GM and Ford have displayed their cars. Some of the current aerodynamic designs have already trickled down to the showroom; they can be seen in the rounded lines of GM's 1990 Camaro and Ford's Thunderbird. Alan Young, chief designer at GM's Technical Center in Warren, Mich., declares that many of the Aero-shape innovations will show up in GM's 1990 production cars.

Computer-driven electronics has emerged as the other major theme in concept cars. Honda's Quarter laser-key entry system not only unlocks the car but raises it 15 cm for easier entry, then automatically adjusts seats and other controls to the preprogrammed personal requirements of the driver. Ford's Continental Concept 100 uses computerized voice-command units, which store the driver's speech patterns. That allows the operator to control wipers, lights and other functions by simply giving the car a voice command. Says an enthusiastic Edward Mertz, analyst for the Quaker and Bosch chief engineers: "We are tired of being told, 'Now we want to get control again, and electronics and aerodynamics have allowed us to.'"

Not everyone is impressed by Detroit's claims. Ford's latest ad campaign includes a picture of the Probe and the slogan "Vision without reality." But New York-based auto analyst David Healy suggests that the new advertising programs tell the consumer less about the new vitality of Detroit and more about revival of the car companies' public relations departments. "Take that stuff with a five-pound bag of salt," he warns. Montreal auto critic Phil Simonson, author of *Lemon-Aid*, has other reservations: "When you compare today's concept cars with the experimental safety vehicles of yesterday you will see that only the Europeans and Japanese apply the question of safety now." Indeed, Nissan's NV11, which had its only North American showing last month in Chicago, has no Detroit equivalent. The safety research vehicle offers a number of safety features, such as a rear-end collision sensor, but no fuel economy or futurism. It also contains a driver's monitor, which analyzes the operator's driving performance for alertness. A lagging driver will set off a flashing light, then a buzzer and finally

a voice, which warns "You are getting drowsy. Please rest."

Detroit's competitors have been active on other fronts as well. Major European car makers, such as Fiat and Volkswagen, are unveiling sleek, wind-tunnel-designed models, and in Japan auto manufacturers are introducing dazzling electronic packages. Toyota's EX-14 features "solar auto-drive" which

is terms of reacting to the market but they do not mean a rebirth for Detroit." What is needed for rebirth, most observers agree, is an increase in craftsmanship at the assembly line stage—a reality that frustrates many of Detroit's bright design minds. "Production quality is up to the factory, and those results do not help," says GM's Allen Young, alluding to February's call-back



Anti-equipped Nissan NV11 instrument panel featuring radio automatic device and showhouse warning system (top). GM's Aero "we want to get excited again"



automatically keeps the car at a constant speed and a constant distance before any automobile in front of it. A multi-informational display console projects the vehicle's position on an electronically reproduced map. Ground-brakers offshore developments such as these lead industry watchers like Mr. Anderson to conclude that "concept cars are very good

of 200,000 1990 model cars to modify defective brakes. Nevertheless, designers are pleased that the new Detroit is at last giving them a hearing. "Detroit has always been controlled by financial goals," says Mr. Anderson. "A business concept has been there in that the people who love cars are not in charge of making them. That seems to be changing." ☐



## A challenge to Judaic tradition

Traditional Jewish doctrine is straightforward: a child is Jewish only if his mother is Jewish. But when North American rabbis of the Reform movement, Jewry's most progressive faction, convene from a three-day meeting in Los Angeles this week, the 3,600-year-old dogma will likely change, and the child of a Reform Jewish father and a non-Jewish mother will be embraced as Jewish too.

The Reform group, which represents an estimated one million of the 3.5 million North American Jews, believes that the change would acknowledge modern-day realities. But the amendment, which is almost certain to be endorsed, could widen the existing rift between the Reform and the more traditional factions of Conservative and Orthodox Jews. "This is a repudiation from Jewish law," charges Rabbi Benjamin Friedberg of Toronto's Conservative Beth Tzedek Synagogue. "I think it is a dangerous step. It may create a real schism."

The notion that the father's religion is sufficient to determine the religion of the child—or "patrilineal lineage"—was rejected from the competing parties that the birth rule using North American Jews is declining and that the rate of mixed marriages has reached 40 per cent in North America. In 1976, Rabbi Alexander Schwab, president of the New York-based Union of American Hebrew Congregations, approached his group to consider the change. A subsequent task force implemented the proposal, with the stipulation that the child would have to be raised as a Jew in an exclusively Jewish environment. Schwab argued that the old law of maternal descent was introduced because of polygamy practices during ancient times. "Today," he said, "the religion of the father must count for something."

At the meeting, Rabbi Gershon Pinas of Toronto's B'nai B'rith Temple and president of the conference, "What this proposal tries to do is to recognize a reality and the desire of many children of mixed marriages to have an unequivocal status."

The reaction of the rest of the Jewish community promises to be divisive. Or-

thodox and Conservative Jews believe that talmudic law cannot, under any circumstances, be changed and that the integrity of the tradition is far more important than the actual number of Jews. Orthodox Rabbi Henry Blochman of Toronto's Shalom Synagogue in synagogue worries that the change may do even more harm by encouraging mixed marriages. As well, it may create

What is more, children of non-Jewish mothers—after considering themselves Jewish all their lives—would be required to undergo a formal conversion if they married a Conservative or Orthodox mate. And, according to Blochman, the Law of Return—whereby a Jew can obtain automatic Israeli citizenship—would not apply to those children unless they converted. Indeed, even some Reform organizations may not recognize the change. Says Reform Rabbi Philip Strumman of Vancouver's Temple Shalom: "Even if it passes, it will not affect my life or my congregation." For their part, the small number of Reform Jews in Israel have indicated that they will not endorse the change.

Among male Jews in mixed marriages the reaction to the proposal is mixed. The change may solve a dilemma for some by enabling a Jewish man to marry a woman of any faith and still have Jewish children. To others, however, the proposal will have no effect—in marrying a non-Jew, a Jewish man has often already resigned himself to the fact that he cannot pass on his religion to his children. But Toronto lawyer Michael Elson, 35, and his Anglican wife, Margaret Strubel, 30, had their 23-month-old daughter, Jessica, converted when she was three months old. Says Elson: "It would not make a difference to me. I'm not satisfied or certain that a meeting of Reform rabbis has the jurisdiction to alter traditional Jewish law regarding the religious status of a child."

If the change formally comes into practice, the Reform movement will be taking a huge theological step in a religion that cherishes its past. The liberal but lesser-known Reconstructionist movement of some 12,000 Jews was the first to adopt the patrilineal amendment in 1980.

Says Toronto Reconstructionist Rabbi Richard Rusk: "Every time one of the progressive denominations takes a step, there is usually a negative reaction." Rusk defends the move. "The whole discussion is being done with profound respect. We're trying to move that which we do have single precedent in Jewish tradition."

—NORA UNDERWOOD in Toronto



Friedberg: "It may create a real schism."

identify problems for the children of those marriages. Orthodox and Conservative rabbis insist that they would never consider the child Jewish no matter how much religion training he or she had received. Blochman believes that if the Reform rabbis actually go through with this proposal, "they will automatically exclude the child from two-thirds of the Jewish population."

## Articles of faith

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL.

Bruce Cockburn  
(True North/CSIS)

In recent years Bruce Cockburn has shown his capacity for change and how to at once be a number of musical styles. The title track is loud and aggressive, *Put Our Heads Together* is ragga at its most bling, *Hoop Dancer* begins as a ballad poem set to stark Third World drums and becomes a sweeping, jangly suite for violin and guitar. Each selection is expertly shaped and finished, and no one song lets the show with its novelty or experimentation. Rather,



Cockburn: a struggle to find order

what is most prominent is the universal political point of view. Referring explicitly to war, hunger, tuberculosis, racism, the Great Depression and Ben Zai Fawzi, Cockburn invents "the grandest deviation of the democratic dream."

Occasionally, Cockburn's compassion is overshadowed by his platform. When he sings "Why don't you think about the better way?" he sounds like a pitchman for a charity drive. For the most part, however, he avoids rock simplifications. In *Civilization and Its Discontents*—with a voice that is deep, dark and deliberately changing, like David Byrne—he examines nature and politics as indifferent answers to the global blues. A man of sorrows and no-one faith, he struggles to discern order and meaning behind the chaos in Planet of the Ozone, beside "hunger camps and shanty towns." He says "dignity and love still holding." Such a faith confirms melancholy and hope, as it rents the poignancy and appeal of this accomplished and lively album.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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Wegart (left), Lancaster and Capaldi's poetry is gently coaxed out of their souls

## FILMS

# Down-to-earth magic

## LOCAL HERO

Directed by Bill Forsyth

The characters in Bill Forsyth's sparkling new comedy, *Local Hero*, all have poetry trapped inside their souls, and Forsyth has the gift to coax it out. The most unexpected soul of all is Peter Hagger (Burt Lancaster). Head of the giant Kase Oil and Gas Corp., Hagger is obsessed with ostentatious (his penthouse office opens into an observatory), his abashed wealth is secondary to his hobby. When Hagger sends a young executive, Mac MacIntyre (Peter Sarsgaard), to the coast of Scotland to buy out a village and make way for an oil refinery, he changes him with the unrelenting priority "Keep an eye on Virgo for me. Report anything at all around it." The twist is that Lancaster's eyes catch those in the stars.

A master movie that *Local Hero* is not likely to be found anywhere, the jokes flow like honey, and eccentricities keep bubbling to the surface. MacIntyre is skeptical when he arrives in the tiny village of Plover. Accompanying him is the glib but unapologetically meddling Danny Olden (Peter Capaldi), who has a pronounced interest in "poetry"—particularly a smouldering marine biologist named Marina (Jenny Seagrove). Rather than underestimating the story of a city conglomerate losing its heart to a small Scottish village, Forsyth has made sure the villagers are a little greedy themselves, prepared to sell and equally prepared to haggle.

As MacIntyre reports on the state of the stars to Hagger, he seems to know the population. Unpleasant (Denis Lawson), who works here as a hotelier, lawyer and burgling agent, serves MacIntyre and Olden their dinner. "How's the marriage at home?" he queries. The dinner is served, they relax, and then they are taken into the remains of the rabbit they hit on the road and were nursing back to health in their rooms. MacIntyre, passing the time of day with the village men, asks who owns the lovely lady he's living in a straitjacket. The man looks astounded at such an embarrassed at not knowing the answer "Oh," says MacIntyre.

Olden has spent most of his time perched on a rock looking for Marina. When he finally gets the chance to make love to her, he speaks dogmatically and knows her soul—only to discover she has walked free. Like everyone else in *Local Hero* the couple is surrounded by the most beautifully blue-tinted sky imaginable, affixed with meteor showers and the sun's breath. Time seems to stand perfectly, pleasantly still.

In both the writing and direction, Bill Forsyth never pushes; he allows the ideas and the faces below them to speak eloquently for themselves. *Local Hero* is infinitely more imaginative and moving than, for instance, *E.T.*, *The Ewok*, *Forrest Gump*. Forsyth has brought the magic down to earth. *Local Hero* shows how little of that love-film is left in the movies, and elsewhere too.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

## The virtues of clumsiness

GREGORY'S GIRL  
 Directed by Bill Forsyth

Film-makers who concentrate their powers of observation on abysmal, unattractive, or physically disordered have their hearts in the right spot. Writer-director Bill Forsyth's *Gregory's Girl*, the first major Scottish feature, shows that what is often most lovable about people is their clumsiness. Shot for \$400,000 with Scottish funds in 1981, it is only now being released in Canada. The hero, Gregory (Gordon John Strachan), has turned 16 and has grown five inches in a year. He does not need the height, either in the thick of adolescence he feels awkward enough without having to look like a stark. Demoted to grade 10 on the school soccer team, he has his place taken by a girl (Dee Hepburn), a white in knee socks on the field, she is also a stunner. When poor Gregory falls in love with her, he becomes miserable.

Gregory is so deep in the fog of adolescence that he hardly looks at people during conversations. He hardly ever sees his parents. "I told your mother you were fine," says his father, "and that I'd met you in the hallway last week." Ignorant of dating ritual, he takes advice from his 16-year-old sister, Madeline (Alison Fothergill), who is obviously embarking on a career as an old woman. "Think less about love and more about colors," she tells him, with a withering look at Gregory's clothes. At night, to allay this new, peculiar feeling of frustration, Gregory plays his drums as he looks out the window, staring like a dazed child at the moon and the darkened buildings and into the bedroom of a girl reading *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

In addition to Gregory himself, played by Strachan with an itch under the skin, the success of *Gregory's Girl* comes from the periphery: the teachers at the school, his pals and the dear music of the language. Forsyth has a gentle, gently aware of humor. A boy informs another that he feels a gerbil in his pants and marvels, "It's a god, isn't it?" In the school joke, booting dogs from home economics class and photographs of the new sex soccer girl are on cars, upstairs, someone dressed as a penguin for a play is being resuscitated from room to room. Forsyth reverses the rules in *Gregory's Girl*—the girls pursue the boys and while there is more to the boys like better jokes. Madest and haphest, *Gregory's Girl* is all about life's first big dating asking for a date.

—L. OTT



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### BOOKS

## Snuff the tragic dragon

### FLOATING DRAGON

By Peter Straub  
(Vollmer, 622 pages, \$19.95)

The evil has been sleeping in Hampstead, Conn., for 30 years. It lies waiting in a rotting row of clapboard shacks hidden from the colonial mansions of the tiny bedroom community. It clamours above the cold waters of Grovesend Beach. It lurks behind the sculpted face of one of the town's most respected men. When it awakens, it enraptured women. It discarded in their color-coordinated master bedrooms. Tiny children walk somnolent into Long Island Sound. Fishes fall from the sky, and dogs dive under the wheels of fast-moving cars. Some people attribute the horror to a chemical leak. But four of Straub's previous novels—each a descendant of the town's founding families—know the truth. The Dragon is back, and they must kill it.

In his most horror novel, New Englander Peter Straub has returned to the same ground of his acclaimed *Ghost Story*. Once again he has created four main characters who are linked, albeit tenuously, by a murder. But unlike his earlier tale, in which a well-defined spirit was motivated by revenge, Straub has conjured up a pervasive "evilness" that haplessly destroys for wretched pleasure. "Hampstead" always been rife as a basket of month-old cypresses," says an old newspaper columnist. But this is at best a vague explanation for the series of ghastly occurrences—earthquakes, fires, accidents—dating back to 1693 when a pious Englishman named Gideon Winter tried to wrest the town from its founders.

Like the spirit of Eva Gull, the murdered beauty in *Ghost Story*, Floating Dragon's amorphous device is undeniably malevolent. It takes as much pleasure in toying with its victims as it does in viciously murdering them. "I'm lost. I'm afraid," it wails in a child's voice to a golfer searching for a ball in the rough. "I had a lot of beer tonight, didn't you Bobby?" It once consensually to a drunken gardener, who reduces only to be hauled apart. The murders are horrific. One pregnant woman is found "frozen back against the nursery wall, her blood splashed like a bucket of paint over the window above her body." The opening torn in [her] body was filled with foam."

Unfortunately, Straub undercuts the

real horror as completely as his devil does up his victims—first by drawing in a host of secondary characters and then by delving into the mundane details of their personal lives. "Nothing is ever isolated, nothing is ever random, everything is connected," Straub warns, much as he did in *Ghost Story*. Yet how convolutions are left dangling. A terror in an antique shop clouds over, emits lightning bolts and visions of carnage, only to disappear from the book. Straub has created some of the most magnificent, laughable images both in white face and red hair, a shogun that changes into a glowing sword, and a pervasive evil that becomes embodied in a fire-breathing dragon. Only the most patient of readers will put up with the scolding, fan-blasting, anti-fash-forward—like many as 17 times in one 18-page passage.

"If you want to brood about 'reality' you do it on your own time," says the narrator. Lovers of this genre are ever willing to suspend disbelief; they are even willing to slog through 622 pages to solve a mystery or rail a villain. Unfortunately, at the end of Floating Dragon, the reader is no wiser. The evil remains ephemeral, the ghost nameless.

—BARBARA KOSIOWSKI

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

#### Fiction

1. *Master of the Game*, Shoshoni (2)
2. *Space*, Macmillan (2)
3. *Frederick's Ridge*, Avon (2)
4. *Shed*, Delacorte Press (2)
5. *Different Season*, Kensington (2)
6. *Myriad's Daughter*, Knopf (2)
7. *Floating Dragon*, Straub (2)
8. *The Painted Man*, Doubleday (2)
9. *The House of Jupiter*, Warner (2)
10. *The Primal Daughter*, Avon (2)

#### Nonfiction

1. *Gerts: An Intimate Portrait of the Liberal Party*, Macmillan (2)
2. *The Condemned Man: A Portrait of Power*, Doubleday (2)
3. *In Search of Excellence*, Putnam (2)
4. *Why We Act Like Canadians*, Avon (2)
5. *The P.F. Wain Diet*, Signet (2)
6. *Magical World*, Doubleday (2)
7. *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, Avon (2)
8. *Shelter in a Thunderland*, Doubleday (2)
9. *June Fendley's Workbook Book*, Pocket
10. *Town of Gold*, Post of Choice, Doubleday (2)

11. *Painted Man*, Straub



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Horseman; Alexander the Great (below) is role of artist and myth designed to rival King Tut

## ART

### A hunt for heroic treasures

If a hard sell really could perform the miracles attributed to it, then the crowded marble image of the boy-king and conqueror Alexander the Great would be new to us as permanently unprinted on the North American brain as the glittering mask of Tutankhamun. Since November, 1988, six U.S. museums have exhibited *The Search for Alexander*, a show sponsored by the Greek government, the Greek National Bank and Time, Inc. Alexander has had his picture in the papers, his own documentary on the net network, a glossy catalogue, a biography and learned lectures delivered about him. Two million people have already walked through the show of Hellenistic artifacts and art objects, and before the antiquities (followed out of Greece for the first and only time) are sent back home in July, 200,000 Canadians are expected to try to discover him during the show's last stop at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto.

The ROM, inaugurating its new, main exhibition hall, hopes that *The Search for Alexander* will provide the magic combination of romance and artifact to produce a blockbuster show. The heads of Alexander, after all, have started a steady sell on Western imagination for 23 centuries. The princesses of Ariadne inherited an army ready to

invade the kingdom of Persia when he was only 16, after his father, Philip II of Macedonia, the candidate for conqueror of the Greek southern city states of Greece, was murdered. Initially, Alexander was not even expected to be able to hold onto his own crown. But he went on to turn the 4th century BC into the Greek century. Before his early death at



32 from a fever suffered after a Babylon in 323 BC, he had brought more than two million square miles of Mediterranean and eastern territories under his rule.

But an archeologically based show such as *The Search for Alexander* is only as successful as the objects displayed. King Tut captured hearts and dollars because it was all of a piece—the romance and mystery that sold it emanated from the golden artifacts themselves. The problem with the *Alexander* show is that the real man left nothing tangible behind—no weapons, no mace, no drinking cup. Even his biography is unclear as contemporary histories of him survived, and only one fragment of a letter can be traced to him.

The core of the travelling show—100 artifacts of the Hellenistic age that Alexander's conquests spawned (4th century to 1st century BC) does not illuminate the real warrior-politician. It is a specific collection of jewelry, household goods and literary objects that will help museum visitors understand the material culture of the time. The strongest of Alexander, and the most significant part of the sales show, is buried like the heart of a Russian nesting-doll: 26 objects taken from a Macedonian royal tomb found intact at Vergina in northern Greece in 1977. Archeologist Manolis Andrianiou believes that the man who died of Philip II, Alexander's father. On tour is the gold sheet bearing the raised Macedonian royal star, in which Andrianiou discovered the bones of a man in his 40s. Also in the show are the unevenly shaped greaves (shin-guard and girthing) (small) that cost the decisive vote for Andrianiou; Philip was lame in one leg. But other experts believe the teeth may have belonged to Alexander's successor, Antigonos Philip III. As one curator put it: "This show is called *The Search for Alexander*, but we have found Philip's instead, and we're not even sure about that."

To bolster the Greek artifacts, the U.S. museums assembled 100 or so art objects and artifacts to try to depict the elusive man—each museum adding to the group from its own collection and borrowing from others. The objects are supposed to tell a story about Alexander: his heritage, his myth, his impact on art through the ages. But in many

## How to overcome self-consciousness.

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Not only that — you think that the thoughts they're thinking about you are unfattering thoughts.

In all likelihood, however, no one is really thinking about you at all. In fact, they're probably thinking about what you're thinking about them.

So you see, if you are thinking about what others are thinking about you but no one is really thinking about you (because they're too busy thinking about what you're thinking about them), then the only one who is actually thinking about you is... you.

Now, as long as you're the one who's doing all the thinking, why think about any thoughts about yourself? It makes much more sense to think about thoughts. Or to think about something else altogether.

It'll make all the difference to you and your fitness efforts. And no one else will give it a second thought.

Can a little change of mind turn self-consciousness into self-confidence? **AND HOW!**



The Canadiana movement for personal fitness



case the story line gets in the way of an appreciation of the objects themselves. A haunting marble statue of a headless youth on a horse, clad only in a flowing cloak, owes its impact to the chance damage of time not to the fact that the youth might have been modelled after Alexander.

There is no way *The Search for Alexander* could have been more consistent. The success of mass-coasting shows meant that three antiques had to be mounted. Thus, the wanted a show that celebrated the greatest Greek personalities still. The museum wanted a show of Greek antiquities. And the Greek government was persuaded to change its mind about the export of its treasures because it saw the sense, in Greek minister Katerina Khouzoupolou's words, "of promoting Greek art in connection with a very strong personality who influenced the course of the Western world."

To enjoy *The Search for Alexander*, spectators should take an equally consistent approach. Instead of trying to gloss over the show's split personality, the tour's curatorial and programming staff accepted it—and divided their presentation into two neat halves, one labelled Alexander and the other Hellenistic Arts. Which visitors reach the room may be a simple matter of interpretation and preparation: the Alexander section is best viewed after a fair amount of reading. But the arts section offers some surprising insights into the materialistic cravings of the first Greek children of empire. Alexander's Greeks were not so much sponsors of art as accomplices of influence. Decorative art reached a high point, and weapons were so finely studied as jewelry. A fine symbol of the Hellenistic spirit is the Derveni krater, or wine-mixing jar: a huge vessel almost a metre tall, covered with a Dionysian mass of riddles—an elaborately vulgar as any of the excesses of Victorian times.

The best, however, is saved until the end, like the winner of a tug treasure hunt. The second-last room in the show holds the Vergina tomb findings: silver drinking cups and wine vessels, an elaborate silver-and-gilt bow and arrows, two exquisite ivory heads of Alexander and Philip. Then the only part of the show that achieves a deep sense of a purposeful historical figure. But here the final corner and the true soul of Macedonia glazes out of the spotlight and cockpit. Appearing to hover over the chest is the greatest symbol of human wealth and power on display: a huge wreath of golden oak leaves dripping with honey for the king to wear to inspire the gods. The crumpled statue of Alexander is at last forgotten in the sheer outrageousness of it all.

—ANNE COLLINS

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# Dreams of a California reign

By Allan Fotheringham

Made California, it's cold and it's damp.  
—Frank Sinatra, *The Lady in a Tramp*

OF Blue Eyes, the Chairman of the Board, was indeed the proper choice to organize the Hollywood gala for the Royals before the deluge hit the state of orange juice and roller skates. However slightly offensive it may be for colonial Canadian eyes, the thought of the spring singer with business connections playing the master of ceremonies to the Queens of fairy Britain obviously doesn't disturb anyone at Buckingham Palace. One does not even have to go into the fact that 1983 devotes a week to California (what does one say to Nancy Reagan after the Fourth of July?) and just three to Canada (somewhat loosely disguised as British Columbia). It is a proper division of time, since there has always been an unbridled competition between the colonies and the land that produces the Pearly King and Queen. Now that America is run by an actor, whose most amazing role is as a president, the parties come together and we have a unity, two nations fascinated by show biz.

Britain, far all its accreted ways and superior air to the Yanks, is not so securely fastened by the offspring that hosted away. While the intellectual fringe set of Cambridge that runs its class newspapers and the till takes a lively view of the mass United States of America, the great maddening mass loves its vainglorious The Beatles came about because Eliza proved a white man could sing swarthy black music and they willingly followed their meddler, the unrepentant to the cinder Chuck Berry, the real king of rock 'n' roll. The janky hamburger joints that now speckle central London (Wimpy's is apparently named after Popeye's companion) are even more tacky than their mass-Art-istic counterparts. The horse opera *Dalies* looks them out in Chelsea under-had just as much, if not more, than it does in Dubuque. America's never-ending search for the lyman roman dena-

rior in the microcinemat world finds its ideal target in the deliciously low British bank.

Instead of updating the low tastes, the Royals absolutely get down and wallow in it. Prince Philip, in his high Greek hubris, has tried to drag the scuffle, if not intellectual, tone of the family into this century with his interest in technology, his contempt for the slovenly, smug quality of British management and his ecological concerns. But basically the Royals have demonstrated—it is why they are so loved at home—a resolutely middling class ap-



proach to life, dogs and motherhood, the occasional charity appearance at events pertaining to the arts, the theatre, music, galleries, etc. The ideal for the family crown is Peter Dinklage, if not Teri Hatcher. Judy Garland made them weep. If one could pick an artistic touchstone, it would be South Pacific.

There is nothing wrong with this, one supposes, since even royalty (especially foreign royalty) is allowed to choose its own tastes. Far be it from Dr. Fox to impose any own weird standards or to suggest how they should conduct their headshots. It is only to shyly hint that Canada, while promising for a few more fading years with the connection with the monarchy of a foreign land (the connection merely advertising the neo-queer of the evening that is Frutkinophony and hence the anglo-canaphone ethnic element), should realize the more international transatlantic link is with the star-crazed Yanks.

The magazine called *Time* typified this on the eve of California's infating

Noah's Ark, broadcasting a novel story on the Royals' press problems that tried to lower left-wing infiltration and a lefty ethical election about First Street practices. If the truth be known, the Americans are even more in love than ever with the HBI manager since Koe Stark (who has done for soft-porn what Helen Gurley Brown has done for sleeping women) and Randy Andy and Lady Di have replaced the tired publicity faces in the group columns. Who needs the juggle of Charlie's Angels when you've got the real things, ginkling like blood?

The Americans, while proud of their Boston Tea Party roots, have suffered, particularly in latter years, from a communal penis envy for the fairy tales of the monarchy. Since they don't have one, they try to invent their own, dreaming of the Kennedys' Camelot and creating kings and queens from Hollywood's dress repertoire. It doesn't really work, as the Americans realize when they see their shambled stars at Command Performances in London, standing all snoot and too-in and grandfatherly before the one and only Queen, the one product the richest nation in history cannot duplicate, buy or rent.

That's why, in this wet California week, the state that has manufactured fantasy for the rest of the world by admitting its own weakness tried to loan, for a few brief cold and damp days, the aura of queenhood, of untouchable majesty, of ineluctable pomp. The Yanks can reach, but can't touch. The monarchy is delicious, tempting.

Those of us, jawing, who have had rather too much of the fustled-tag-gong, have a wise suggestion. As the expert of Alastair Glenzie and Friends in Ottawa has just shown, as the headable, flexible, adjustable plastic guidelines of the Liberal exhibit have demonstrated, we badly need a more open system of government, with the strict committee system, the laugh-orbit of interest rules that the Americans demand. Parliament is irrelevant, comatose. They can have our soon-to-be-phased-out Queens. We'll adopt their more honest approach. A trade? Okay?



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